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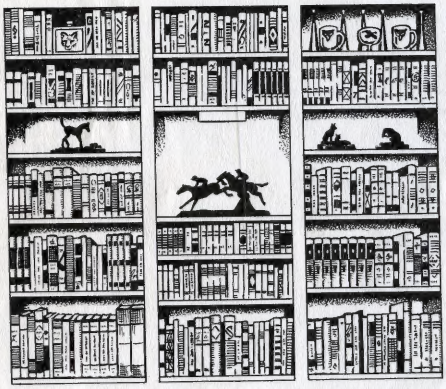

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CYNEGETICA

OR

ESSAYS ON SPORTING

Conſiſting of

OBSERVATIONS

ON

HARE HUNTING

&c. &c.

T. Stothard del. *I. Heath sculp.*

LONDON

Printed for John Stockdale, Piccadilly,

1788.

CYNEGETICA;

OR,

ESSAYS ON SPORTING:

CONSISTING OF

OBSERVATIONS

ON

HARE HUNTING:

CONTAINING,

An Account of the Hare Hunting and Courſing of the Ancients, from Xenophon and Arrian:—A Philoſophical Enquiry into the Nature and Properties of the Scent:—Remarks on the different Kinds of Hounds, with the Manner of training them:—Directions for the Choice of a Hunter:—The Qualifications requiſite for a Huntſman:—And other general Rules to be obſerved in every Contingency incident to the Chace.

Together with

An Account of the Vizier's Manner of Hunting in the Mogul Empire.

By WILLIAM BLANE, Eſq.

To which is added,

THE CHACE: A POEM.

By WILLIAM SOMERVILE, Eſq.

A new Edition, embelliſhed with an elegant Frontiſpiece and a Vignette.

Οὑτω δὲ ἐπιχαρι ἐστι το θηριόν, ὥστε ἐδεὶς ὅστις οὐκ ἂν ἰδὼν ἰχνευόμενον, ευρισκόμενον, μαθόμενον, ἁλισκόμενον ἐπιλάθοιτ' ἂν εἴτε ἐρωη.

XENOPH. Cyneg.

My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, ſo ſanded, and their heads are hung
With ears that ſweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lap'd, like Theſſalian bulls;
Slow in purſuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never halloo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn.

SHAKESPEARE's Midſummer Night's Dream.

ERRATA.

Page 19, note, line the laſt, for p. 14. read p. 76.

20, note ‡, for p. 112. read 161.

126, at the end of the note, add—and that they are particularly fond of cropping the ſhrubs Laburnum and Scorpion Senna.

TO

EDWARD LOVEDEN LOVEDEN, Esq.

THESE ESSAYS,

ON A FAVOURITE DIVERSION,

WHICH HAVE OFTEN AMUSED HIM IN MANUSCRIPT,

ARE, AS A TOKEN OF ESTEEM AND REGARD,

DEDICATED

BY HIS SINCERE FRIEND,

AND OBEDIENT HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE EDITOR.

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INTRO-

INTRODUCTION.

THE following Eſſays were given me, many years ago, by a Gentleman, equally converſant with the ſtudy of Natural Hiſtory and the Diverſions of the Field, as a ſingular Curioſity, which had accidentally fallen into his hands, and which he had tranſcribed: the firſt from a MS. the other from a printed Pamphlet, but which was very ſcarce. Having ſhewn them to moſt of my ſporting Friends, I found them very deſirous of having copies; and imagining, as they give an account of a very popular and manly amuſement, and inveſtigate its nature and principles, many other Lovers of the Chace may be pleaſed

with them, I am induced to lay them before the Public in this manner.

I know the literary and ſpeculative part of Mankind are apt to conſider theſe kind of country diverſions in a contemptible light; and, perhaps, they may be inclined to deſpiſe any perſon who ſhall devote his time to the writing, or even the reading, of a ſingle page, on a ſubject which they may think only deſerving the attention of Grooms, Country 'Squires, and Dog-boys. But this opinion is by no means founded on reaſon.

A healthy frame of body is to the full as neceſſary for our happineſs as a ſound diſpoſition of mind. The Roman Satiriſt joins them together in his prayer, and, indeed, the latter is never perfectly attainable without the former. Now to gain this in a compleat manner, more exerciſe is certainly

requiſite

requiſite than the taſked hour of walking or riding, which the Man of Literature or Buſineſs with difficulty perſuades himſelf to ſnatch from his favorite employments. This may, indeed, juſt ſuffice to keep off the dreadful conſequences which muſt inevitably attend an entirely ſedentary life; but will never give that ſtate of robuſt, and, if you will, of rude health, which no one who ever enjoyed will ever affect to deſpiſe.

Beſides, though the Middle-aged and the Phlegmatic may prevail on themſelves to take theſe regular airings, the Young and the Sanguine muſt have ſome active enjoyment to call them forth; for they never will quit the moſt trifling, or even vicious purſuit, that engages their attention within

doors, unleſs they have ſome other equally intereſting to call them to the field.

But rural diverſions, when followed in a liberal manner, (for I do not wiſh to renew the almoſt extinguiſhed breed of mere hunting 'Squires,) are particularly uſeful in this iſland, where, from the nature of our Government, no man can be of conſequence without ſpending a large portion of his time in the country, and every additional inducement to this mode of life is an additional ſecurity to our freedom and independence. I much queſtion whether our morals, or even our manners, are greatly improved by that ſtyle of living, which empties our country ſeats to fill the metropolis, or the large provincial towns; and whether the manly character that once

diſtinguiſhed

diſtinguiſhed the Engliſhman has not ſuffered more on the ſide of firmneſs and integrity, than it has gained on that of politeneſs and elegance, by ſacrificing the rough ſports of the Field to the ſofter amuſements of the Aſſembly and Card Table.

I know the laws which are in force to preſerve thoſe Animals which are the objects of this diverſion, are ſeverely attacked by the ſentimental Novel Writers of the preſent time: writers who, without invention, humour, or real knowledge of mankind, dreſs up ſome improbable tale with affected maxims of fine feeling, and exquiſite ſenſibility, and endeavour to weaken the hearts, enflame the paſſions, and miſlead the underſtandings of the riſing generation. Theſe abound with horrid ſtories of the

young and ingenuous Peaſant torn from his weeping Parents, and his diſtracted Bride, and either hurried into a loathſome dungeon, or baniſhed to an unhealthy climate, only for the murder of a Hare or a Partridge. But I will venture to ſay, there is hardly a Day-laborer in the kingdom that may not, in a reaſonable manner, be indulged with the uſe of theſe animals by a proper application; and if he is fond of the diverſion they afford, and chuſes to be idly buſy rather than induſtriouſly ſo, he may perfectly ſatisfy himſelf by attending the Hounds or Greyhounds of the 'Squire, or aſſiſting the Game-keeper with his gun. But that Laws ſhould be made to prevent the man, whoſe family depends entirely on his labor for ſupport, from quitting his flail, his plough,

or

or his ſpade, to range the woods for the deſtruction of animals, which afford a noble and manly diverſion to their Proprietor, I can conceive no more inconſiſtent with juſtice, than that he ſhould be prevented from entering the orchard or the hen-rooſt. As the beaſts of the foreſt and the fruits of the ſoil are equally common in a ſtate of nature, ſo I ſee no reaſon why they may not be equally appropriated in a ſtate of civil ſociety. And I appeal to any perſon really converſant in theſe kind of facts, if he knows a ſingle inſtance of one of thoſe men, commonly called Poachers, whoſe profeſſion is a violation of the Game Laws, and againſt whom alone they are ever executed with any ſeverity, whoſe character and ſufferings could entitle him to a tear, even from that moſt ſentimental of all

ſentimental Heroes*, *The Man of Feeling* himſelf.

While I am thus defending the general principle of our Game Laws, I do not mean to ſtand forth as their Champion in every reſpect; they want great alteration as to the objects both of their penalties † and exemptions,

* This gentleman, drawn as a pattern of peculiar milkineſs of diſpoſition, is betrayed once into the following bitter imprecations:

"Curſes on his narrow heart, that could violate a right ſo ſacred! Heaven blaſt the wretch!

"And from his derogate body never ſpring
"A babe to honor him!"———

And what are the ſacred rights whoſe cruel violation has drawn ſuch heavy curſes from ſo mild a boſom? Why the 'Squire of the pariſh "pulled down an old cottage, that "had been a ſchool, to open his proſpect;" and "plowed "up a green where the boys uſed to play, becauſe they hurt "the fence on the other ſide of it."

† That a man of one hundred pounds a year may deſtroy the Game with impunity on any one's land, and that a perſon

exemptions, and I truſt the time is not far diſtant when they will receive it from the wiſdom and authority of Parliament.

But there are other perſons whoſe ſuffrages I am very deſirous of obtaining, that may be inclined to look with diſdain on a Work that treats chiefly of Hare-hunting, and ſeems to give it the preference to all the diverſions of the ſame kind. I mean the noble fraternity of Fox-hunters. As a Sportſman, I would carefully deprecate the reſentment of ſo reſpectable a body, nor preſume to defend the Author of the following Letters, in queſtioning the allowed ſuperiority of Fox-hunting over the humbler

ſon of ninety-nine ſhall be liable to pay five pounds for killing a hare on his own, is a ſoleciſm too evident to need a comment.

ſports

ſports of the Hare-chace. But, as the Author of the firſt of theſe Treatiſes juſtly obſerves, in many inſtances the various kinds of hunting are cloſely connected, and whatever be the game purſued, every Huntſman is equally intereſted in the breeding and education of the Hound, the nature of the ſcent, and the general rules of the chace. And, perhaps, both the Active and the Literary may pay ſome deference to opinions backed by the authority of ſo reſpectable a name as that of Xenophon, who did not diſdain to write a Treatiſe on Hunting. Though he conſiders that exerciſe as a proper ſchool for forming the warrior, he evidently gives the preference to Hare-hunting. Speaking of the Hare, he avows his attachment to the pleaſure of hunting her in

theſe

theſe ſtrong expreſſions, which are yet ſtronger in the original *: *This animal is ſo pleaſing, that who-ever ſees it, either trailed, or found, or purſued, or taken, forgets every thing elſe that he is moſt attached to.*

I have been, indeed, aſtoniſhed in reading the *Cynegeticos* of Xenophon, to find the accurate knowledge that great man had of the nature of the Hare, and the method of hunting her, and to obſerve one of the fineſt Writers, the braveſt Soldiers, the ableſt Politicians, the wiſeſt Philoſophers,

* See the Greek motto in the title-page. Mr. Somerville bears the ſame teſtimony in favor of Hare-hunting, when he particularly applies the following lines to the enthuſiaſm of that ſport:

" Where are their ſorrows, diſappointments, wrongs,
" Vexations, ſickneſs, cares? All, all are gone,
" And with the panting winds lag far behind."

and

and the moſt virtuous Citizens of antiquity, ſo intimately acquainted with all the niceties and difficulties of purſuing this little animal, and deſcribing them with a preciſion that would not diſgrace the oldeſt Sportſman of Great Britain, who never had any other idea interfere to perplex his reſearches.

As I think no tranſlation of Xenophon's Treatiſe on Hunting has appeared in our language, the Reader may not be diſpleaſed to ſee that part of it which bears an immediate relation to the ſubject of theſe Eſſays. I ſhall, therefore, lay before him a Deſcription of the Greek manner of Hare-hunting * extracted from that Writer, which I am the more induced to, as it will confute the aſſertion of Mr. Somerville, in

* Some quotations from Xenophon's Cynegeticos, the Reader will find in the notes on the ſubſequent Eſſays.

his

his Preface to the CHACE, that *the Antients had no notion of purſuing wild beaſts by the ſcent only.* I readily agree with him, that *they had no idea of a regular and well-diſciplined pack of Hounds*; but though, as * he and his learned Friend remark, Oppian deſcribes a particular ſort of Dog, which he calls Ιχνευτηρες, as finding the Game only, and following the ſcent no farther than the Hare's ſeat; and ſays, that after he has ſtarted her, ſhe is purſued by the ſight; yet this extract from Xenophon will ſhew, that, much earlier than the time of Oppian, they not only † trailed to the Hare by the ſcent, but abſolutely depended on that

* See the Preface to Somerville's Chace, at the end of theſe Eſſays.

† Xenophon particularly diſtinguiſhes the trail of the Hare from the ſcent ſhe leaves when running; the firſt he calls ειναια, the laſt δρομαια.

alone

alone to purſue her flight in caſe ſhe eſcaped the nets; for the death of the Game being the chief object of the chace in the woody and mountainous regions of Greece, it muſt be acknowledged that Xenophon adviſes means to accompliſh that end, which would ſubject him to the appellation of Poacher from the modern fair Sportſman. And, as the evidence of * Arrian confirms this, and

* Arrian was a military Officer under the Emperor Hadrian: being a follower of Epictetus, as Xenophon was of Socrates, he was fond of comparing himſelf to the illuſtrious Athenian, writing on the ſame ſubjects, and calling himſelf, with no ſmall degree of preſumption, *the Second Xenophon*. He wrote a Treatiſe on Hunting, intended as a ſupplement to that of Xenophon, and which is, in fact, an account of the method of courſing uſed in his time, in which he ſays, "Xenophon, the ſon of Gryllus, has given an ac-"count of Hunting, particularly of Hare-hunting, and the "uſe of that exerciſe to the art of war; but as he has taken "no notice of Greyhounds, which were not then known in "Greece, I ſhall ſupply that deficiency."

proves

proves that, in the time of Xenophon, Greyhounds were not known in Greece, I ſhall tranſlate ſo much of him as ſhews the mode of courſing among the Antient Gauls, which will be found nearly ſimilar to that practiſed at the preſent time.

In regard to my tranſlation, I muſt beg leave to diſſent from the Critical Review of this Work on its firſt publication. I am there cenſured for adopting the technical Hunting Language of the preſent day; but, beſides the curioſity of perceiving that the hunting phraſes, and even the hollows, of the Antient Greek ſportſman, exactly reſembled thoſe of the modern Engliſh one, it will be found impoſſible to render the original at all intelligible in a tranſlation by any other means. I think the notes on the following pages will fully ſhew, that it is very difficult for a general Greek ſcholar to tranſlate

tranſlate a Treatiſe on any particular Art, without being in ſome degree verſed in that Art himſelf. There is, however, perhaps, no nicer point in the purſuits of Literature, than to diſcriminate nicely between adopting or rejecting modern phraſes in tranſlations from the Antient Writers. It is what we can hardly lay down rules for, though perhaps we may feel the diſtinction. To draw inſtances from the Military Art. No tranſlator would give modern names to the diviſions and officers of the Roman armies; he would not call Legions and Cohorts, Brigades and Regiments, or Tribunes and Centurions, Colonels and Captains; but he would certainly, in deſcribing a battle, make uſe of all generally appropriated military words, as front, rear, march, halt, inſtead of the words uſually applied to the purpoſes of ordinary life.

ON

ON

HARE HUNTING:

FROM

XENOPHON.

Rumpe moras: vocat ingenti clamore Cithæron,
Taygetique canes, domitrixque Epidaurus equorum,
Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remugit.

VIRGIL.

GREEK METHOD *of* HARE HUNTING, *from* XENOPHON.

THE trail of the Hare is long during the winter, on account of the length of the nights, and in the ſummer, ſhort, for the contrary reaſon. In the winter there is no ſcent early in the morning, when there is either a hoar-froſt, or ice; for the hoar-froſt by its proper force collecting the warm particles, contains them in itſelf, and the ice condenſes them.

When theſe happen *, the dogs with the moſt delicate noſes cannot touch before the

* Αἱ κύνες μαλακιῶσαι τὰς ῥῖνας κ.τ.λ. "The dogs whoſe "noſes are tender." The common interpretation "that the "dogs cannot ſmell at ſuch times *on account* of the tenderneſs "of their noſes," is abſolute nonſenſe. How ſhould a hoar-froſt hurt a hound's noſe ſo as to hinder his ſmelling, or the tenderneſs of the noſe hinder the accuracy of the ſenſe? My interpretation is warranted by the original, and is exactly the caſe. See the Eſſays, p. 14.

ſun diſpel them, or the day is advanced. Then the dogs can ſmell, and the trail yields a ſcent as it evaporates.

The trail is alſo ſpoiled by the falling of much dew, and by ſhowers that happen after a long interval, which, drawing out ſmells from the earth, ſpoil the ſcent till the ground is dry again. The South winds alſo hurt it by ſpreading moiſture *; but north winds, if not too ſevere, ſtrengthen and preſerve it.

Rains and drizzling miſts drown it. The moon alſo deſtroys it by the † heat, eſpecially at the full; the trail is alſo then moſt irregular ‡, for, delighting in the light, they play together, and throwing themſelves, they make long intervals. And it becomes alſo perplexed when Foxes have paſſed over it before.

In the ſpring, on account of the mild temperature of the air, the trail would be very ſtrong, if the earth, being full of flowers, did not puzzle the dogs, by mix-

* It is exactly the reverſe in this climate.

† This, I believe, will not be admitted.

‡ See the Eſſays, p. 112.

ing

ing with it the odour of the bloſſoms. In the ſummer it is ſlight and imperfect; for the earth being hot, it deſtroys the warm particles it contains; and the ſcent itſelf is not only ſlight, but the dogs alſo ſmell leſs, on account of the relaxation of their bodies. In the autumn it is pure; for, of the productions of the earth, the cultivated part is carried off, and the weeds are withered, ſo it is not at all injured by the ſcent of the fruits of the earth.

In the winter, the autumn, and the ſummer, the trail is for the moſt part ſtraight, but in the ſpring it is more perplexed; for, though theſe animals copulate at all times, they do it chiefly at that ſeaſon, and their neceſſary wandering on that account in ſearch of each other occaſions it.

The ſcent of the Hare going to her form laſts longer than that of her courſe when purſued. When ſhe goes to her form ſhe goes ſlowly, often ſtopping, but her courſe when purſued is performed running; therefore the ground is ſaturated with one, and not filled with the other. The ſcent is al-

ſo ſtronger in woody places than in open ones, for there, ſometimes running, and ſometimes ſitting, ſhe is touched by many things.

She makes her ſeat under, upon, or within, every thing the earth bears on its ſurface, near or diſtant, ſometimes continuing a long time, ſometimes a ſhort time, ſometimes between both; ſometimes throwing herſelf as far as ſhe is able into the ſea, or other water, if any thing ſtands above it, or grows out of it.

* The trail of the Hare is the path ſhe takes going to her ſeat, which, in cold weather, will generally be in ſheltered places, and, in hot, in ſhady places. But her

* It is impoſſible to tranſlate this paſſage more literally, as Xenophon explains one Greek word by another. He had before uſed the word εὐναῖος to expreſs a Hare going to her ſeat, in contradiſtinction to her running when purſued; and which he now explains ὁ μὲν δὴ εὐναῖος ὁ ποιούμενος εὐνήν. The Latin tranſlator, by not attending to this, has made nonſenſe of this paſſage. "Lepus cubans eſt qui cubile ſibi "ſtruit." "A Hare is ſaid to be lying when ſhe is making "her form."

courſe

* courſe when purſued is not ſo, ſhe being frightened by the dogs.

When ſhe ſits, the lower parts of her joints are covered by her belly. Her fore legs are moſt commonly cloſe together, and extended, reſting her chin on the extremity of her feet; her ears are extended over her ſhoulders, and ſhe particularly covers her tender parts; her hair is well adapted for a covering, being thick and ſoft.

When ſhe wakes ſhe winks her eyelids, but when ſhe ſleeps ſhe keeps them continually open without motion, having her eyes fixed; ſhe moves her noſtrils frequently when ſleeping, but leſs often when awake.

When the earth begins to vegetate, ſhe is found oftener in cultivated places than among mountains; but wherever ſhe ſits

* Δρομαῖος. The words εὐναῖος and δρομαῖος relate to the Hare herſelf in this paragraph, and not to her courſe; but it was impoſſible to render ὁ εὐναῖος in this ſentence without anticipating the definition given in the latter part of it, we having no technical word to expreſs a Hare making her trail, which is the caſe of the Greek word εὐναῖος when oppoſed to δρομαῖος, and appropriated to this action of the animal. The giving the general inſtead of the appropriated ſenſe occaſioned the abſurdity of the Latin tranſlation.

ſhe continues even while they are trailing to her, unleſs ſhe has been much alarmed in the night, in which caſe ſhe will move.

She is ſo prolific, that at * the ſame time ſhe will have young ones, be bringing forth others, and have newly conceived. The ſcent of young Hares is ſtronger than that of full grown ones; for, their limbs being tender, their whole body drags on the ground.

Thoſe which are too young the † fair Sportſman will ſpare. Thoſe of a year old will run the firſt ring very ſwiftly, but not at all afterwards, being very active, but weak.

To take the trail of the Hare the dogs ſhould be drawn ‡ from the cultivated fields upwards; (i. e. towards the mountains;) but thoſe who do not come into cultivated places muſt be tried for in meadows, marſhes,

* Oppian and Pliny make the ſame remark. Sir Thomas Brown, in his Treatiſe on Vulgar Errors, aſſerts it from his own obſervation. Fol. Ed. p. 118.

† Οἱ φιλοκυνηγέται ἀφιᾶσι τῇ Θέῳ.

‡ As we now try to hit the Hare from where ſhe has been at feed into heaths, covers, &c.

by

by ſtreams, on rocks, or in woods. When the Hare is moved there ſhould be no hollowing, leſt the dogs, being made * too eager, ſhould be hardly brought to find the ſcent.

When they are found and purſued, they will croſs ſtreams, or double, or hide themſelves in deep vallies, and roll themſelves up; for they are not only afraid of dogs, but of eagles, for they will ſometimes carry off Hares under a year old as they paſs over † high and expoſed places; but larger ones are only taken by the purſuit of dogs.

The mountain Hares are ſwifteſt, thoſe bred in a plain country leſs ſo, but the marſh Hares are the ſloweſt of any. Thoſe who wander in all places are the moſt difficult to purſue, for they know the neareſt ways. They generally run up hill, ‡ or

* Ἐκφρονες γιγνόμενοι. Literally "becoming mad." This direction is one of the canons of modern Hare Hunting.

† Τὰ σιμὰ.

‡ The hind legs are formed remarkably long, and furniſhed with ſtrong muſcles; their length gives the Hare a ſingular advantage over its enemies in aſcending ſteep places, and ſo ſenſible is the animal of this advantage, as always to make towards the riſing ground when ſtarted.—*Pennant's Britiſh Zoology.*

on

on level ground; if they find any uneven ground they run over it in an irregular manner, but very ſeldom run down hill.

When they are purſued they are moſt conſpicuous as they go over plowed land, if they have any red about them, and through ſtubbles, on account of their reflecting the rays of light: they are alſo conſpicuous in paths and highways, if they happen to be level; for then whatever is bright about them appears. They are leaſt viſible when they fly to rocks, mountains, rough places, and thick woods, on account of the ſameneſs of the color.

If they perceive the dogs firſt they ſtop, and, ſitting on their breech, raiſe themſelves up, and liſten if they can hear any noiſe or opening of the dogs near them, and then turn from the place where they hear it.

But if they hear nothing, then of their own accord they will return by the * ſame

* Πλέγα τὰ αὐτα, διὰ τῶν αὐτῶν. Arrian has borrowed this expreſſion to deſcribe the method of beating for a Hare in courſing.

way

way they came, leaping all the way, and keeping in the ſame track.

* Thoſe that are found in open places run the longeſt on account of their being more uſed to the light; thoſe in woody places ſhorteſt, being hindered by the darkneſs.

There are two kinds of them, one large, mottled with black, and with a great deal of white on the forehead; the other leſs, of a yellowiſh color, and having little white.

The tail of one is variegated on every ſide, that of the other is † more conſpicuous from being whiter. The eyes of one ſort are yellowiſh, of the other greyiſh, and the black at the tip of the ears is large in the one and ſmall in the other.

The ſmaller ſort are chiefly found in iſlands, as well thoſe inhabited as uninhabited, where Hares are in greater plenty

* The truth of this fact is known to every Sportſman, but it certainly does not ariſe from the cauſe aſſigned by Xenophon.

† Παραπήχον. I can find no ſuch word in any Lexicon. Leunclave renders it, "Albedine inſignis longiore ſpatio;" another commentator, "terſa:" perhaps we ſhould read παραπήμον.

than

than on the Continent; for in moſt of them there are no Foxes, who deſtroy both them and their young, neither eagles, who infeſt large mountains rather than ſmall ones, and the iſland mountains are generally ſmall.

And Hunters ſeldom frequent the uninhabited iſlands, and the inhabitants of the others are few, and in general not lovers of Hunting, and it is not permitted to carry dogs into the ſacred iſlands; few Hares, therefore, being deſtroyed, and others continually bred, there muſt neceſſarily be abundance of them.

Their eyeſight is by no means ſharp; for their eyes project, and their eyelids are ſhort, and not ſufficient to protect the ball, on which account their eyeſight is weak and indiſtinct.

Add to this, that the quantity of ſleep this animal takes is by no means beneficial to the ſight, and the ſwiftneſs of its pace contributes greatly to dazzle it, for ſhe paſſes ſwiftly by every object before ſhe diſcovers what it is.

When ſhe is purſued, the fear of the dogs and hunters takes away her preſence of mind,

mind, on which account ſhe often runs unknowingly againſt many things, and ſometimes falls into the nets.

If ſhe ran ſtraight forward theſe things would ſeldom happen to her; but running a ring, and loving the places where ſhe was bred and has fed, ſhe is taken; for Hares, when followed by the foot, are not often caught by the ſpeed of the dogs, but they are taken, contrary to the nature of the animal, by accident; for no animal of the ſame ſize equals the Hare for ſwiftneſs, her body being conſtructed in this manner:

The head is light, ſmall, inclining downwards, and narrow in front. The neck ſlender, round, not rigid, and of a convenient length. The ſhoulder-blades upright, and not joined at top, and the legs, which are under them, light and compact. The breaſt not too deeply extended. The ribs light and well proportioned. The loins round, hollow, and fleſhy. The flanks ſupple, and ſufficiently looſe. The hips round, entirely full, and divided properly at top. The thighs long and compact, extended on the outſide, but the inſide not turgid.

turgid. The lower parts ſmall, and firm. The fore feet very ſupple, narrow, and upright. The hind feet firm, and broad, neither of them liable to injury by treading on any thing however hard; the hinder legs are much larger than the fore legs, and incline a little outwards. The hair ſhort and light.

It is impoſſible, therefore, being ſo conſtructed, but that ſhe muſt be ſtrong, agile, and very light. As a proof that ſhe is very light, when ſhe goes along without being frightened ſhe always leaps, (for a hare walking no one ever ſaw, or ever well ſee,) throwing the hinder feet beyond the fore feet, and ſhe runs in that manner *.

The

* Here follow the words δῆλον δὲ τοῦτο ἐν χροΐ, which have puzzled all the commentators, who have moſt of them left them unexplained. Leunclave, however, propoſes δῆλων δὲ τοῦτο ἐν χρείᾳ, which he boldly inſerts in the texts, and ſays, "Senſum autem eſt quantum lepus ultra pedes priores in "curſu poſteriores collocet in *neceſſitate* conſpici, quum ea "premitur." But this ſenſe, as he calls it, is abſolutely nonſenſe, for Xenophon expreſsly ſays ſhe goes in this manner when ſhe is not frightened, ὅταν ἀτρέμα διαποδεύηται, and ſurely the faſter ſhe goes the leſs opportunity there is of obſerving her manner of going. I would propoſe a reading not

The tail is inconvenient for running, being not proper to guide the body on account of its ſhortneſs: but ſhe does that with either of her ears; and when ſhe is near being taken by the dogs, ſhe lays down one of her ears and ſtretches it out toward the ſide in which ſhe thinks ſhe ſhall ſuffer hurt, by which means ſhe turns inſtantly, throwing the dogs that are daſhing at her a great way behind.

This animal is ſo pleaſing, that whoever ſees it either trailed, or found, or purſued, or taken *, forgets every thing elſe that he is moſt attached to.

In hunting in cultivated places the Sportſman ſhould abſtain from damaging the fruits of the earth that are in ſeaſon, and ſhould leave † fountains and ſtreams unex-

not much more different from the text, viz. δῆλον δὲ τοῦτο ἐν χιόνι, i. e. "this diſpoſition of the feet is manifeſt in the "ſnow." And this, becauſe it is the only mean by which it can be obſerved, and becauſe Xenophon muſt have been particularly attentive to this circumſtance, he having an entire chapter on Tracing.

* Where are their ſorrows, diſappointments, wrongs,
Vexations, ſickneſs, cares? All, all are gone,
And with the panting winds lag all behind.
SOMERVILLE'S CHACE.

† I ſuppoſe as being deemed ſacred.

plored,

plored, as it is both unbecoming and impious, and beſides a violation of the laws in thoſe who do it. And when no game is found*, all the hunting apparatus ſhould be entirely taken away.

The accoutrements of the dogs conſiſt in a † collar, a leather leading thong, and a ſurcingle to guard the body. The collar ſhould be ſoft and broad that it may not rub off the dogs hair; the leading thong ſhould have a knot for the hand to hold by, and nothing more; neither do thoſe lead their dogs well who make part of the thong ſerve for a collar; the ſurcingle ſhould have broad thongs that they may not gall the belly of the dog ‡, and ſharp points are ſewed on it to preſerve the breed.

Dogs

* Ἀναλύειν χρὴ τὰ περὶ κυνηγέσιον πάντα. Meaning, I ſuppoſe, that none of the nets ſhould be ſuffered to remain on the ground for another day; which ſhews, that though the Greeks uſed nets and dogs together, contrary to the practice of the modern fair ſportſman; yet it was not allowable to have ſnares ſet, except during the chace.

† Δέραια, ἱμάντες σελμόναι.

‡ This ſpecies of policy, for which we have no name in our language, but which the French call l'infibulation, from the

Dogs ſhould never be taken out to hunt unleſs they eat their food heartily, for if they do not, it is a ſign that they are not healthy; neither if there is a high wind, for it diſſipates the ſcent and prevents their hunting, neither can the toils or nets ſtand.

When neither of theſe things hinder, they ſhould be taken out every third day. They ſhould never be ſuffered to hunt Foxes, as that does them the greateſt damage, and * they never are ſteady when it is neceſſary.

The places of Hunting ſhould frequently be changed, that the dogs may be thoroughly acquainted with the nature of hunting, and the Hunter himſelf with the country. And it is neceſſary to go out early in the morning that the trail may not be gone. Thoſe who go out late deprive the dogs of the chance of finding a Hare, and themſelves of the ſport; neither will the ſcent, by reaſon of

the Latin word infibulo, was not confined to dogs only, but uſed by the ancients to preſerve the chaſtity of the youth of both ſexes.

* Ἐν τῷ δέοντι ὅποτε πάρεισιν, literally, when it is neceſſary, they never are ready.

bodies, by ruſhing on in a warlike manner, by trying to ſurpaſs each other in ſpeed, by running eagerly together, by now crowding cloſe, and then diſperſing, and then again ruſhing on, till at length they come to the ſeat of the Hare, and run in upon her.

She immediately jumps up and flies, the dogs purſuing * her in full cry, thoſe who follow crying out, † Halloo, Dogs! Halloo Rogues! that's good, Dogs! that's right, Dogs! and the Huntſman, wrapping his coat round his hand, and holding his pole, ſhould follow the dogs, taking care to keep behind the Hare, and not to head her, which is ‡ unſportſmanlike.

The Hare running off, and ſoon being out of ſight, generally comes back again to the place where ſhe was found; the Huntſman calling to the § perſon at the nets, To

* Ἐφ' αὐτὸν ὑλαγμὸν ποίησει τῶν κυνῶν, καὶ κλαγγὴν φεύγων.

† Ἰὼ κύνες, ἰὼ κακὰς.

‡ Ἄπειρον γὰρ.

§ This is the only ſenſe I can make of the words ἀναβοᾷ δ' ἐκεῖνον, as Leunclave reads. The common reading is κοῖνον, i. e. the whole field calling out: but then we muſt ſupply ſome word to expreſs "to the man at the nets," to make any ſenſe at all of the paſſages.

him,

him, Boy! To him, Boy! Now, Boy! Now, Boy! and he ſignifies whether ſhe is taken or not. And, if ſhe is taken in the firſt ring, the dogs are called off, and they try for another; but, if not, they follow the dogs as ſwiftly as poſſible *, and do not give her up, but perſevere diligently.

And, if he meets them again while they are purſuing her, the Huntſman ſhould cry out, Well done, Dogs! Forward, Dogs! But, if the dogs are got very forward, ſo that he is not able to keep up, but is † thrown out, and can neither perceive them near him, nor hear their cry, nor ſee them hunting by the ſcent, he ſhould continue running on, and call out to every one he

* This, with the ſucceeding account, is a full confutation of the notion that the Ancients only uſed ſcenting dogs to find the Hare, but never purſued her by the ſcent after ſhe was ſtarted. Neither would Mr. Somerville's friend have made this miſtake, had he been as converſant with this accurate deſcription of the Attic Xenophon, as he was with the deſultory account of Oppian, one of thoſe

—— quos Græcia non ſuos alumnos
Agnovit, in pejus ruentis ævi.

† Ἀλλὰ διημαρτηκὼς ἢ τῶν δρόμων.

happens to come near, and enquire if they have ſeen the dogs.

And, when he finds where they are, if they are ſtill on the ſcent, he ſhould come up to them and encourage them, calling each dog by his name as often as poſſible, and changing the tone of his voice to harſh, or ſoft, loud, or low, according to the circumſtance. And, if the Hare has made her courſe among the mountains, he ſhould alſo encourage them by ſaying, * That's good, Dogs! That's good, Dogs! but, if they have loſt their ſcent, he ſhould call them back, crying, † Halloo back, Dogs!

When they are brought back to the ſcent, he ſhould draw them round, making many rings. But, if the ſcent is quite loſt, he ſhould draw the dogs along by ‡ the nets, and

* Εὖ κύνες, εὖ ὦ κύνες. Juſt as we do when a dog hits the Hare over a hard highway, or any other place, unfit to retain the ſcent, as was moſt probably the caſe with the rocky mountains of Attica. Mr. Beckford juſtly obſerves, it is as difficult to pen a hollow as a whiſper.

† Οὐ πάλιν ὲ πάλιν ὦ κύνες, or, as Leunclave reads, τ' ἐμπαλιν.

‡ Σημεῖον θέσθαι στοῖχον ἑαυτῳ. Στοῖχον, in the hunting language of Greece, ſignified a range of nets by which the woods

and ſpeak to them, and encourage them, till they hit it off again.

When the ſcent is very ſtrong, they ruſh upon it leaping, crowding together, and ſtooping down, and, ſignifying it in this manner by well-known ſigns, they purſue very ſwiftly: but while they thus perſiſt in the ſcent cloſe to each other, the Huntſman muſt reſtrain himſelf, and not follow the dogs too near, leſt, through emulation, they ſhould over-run the ſcent.

When they come near the Hare, and diſcover it plainly to the Huntſman, he ſhould be very careful, that, through fear of the dogs, ſhe does not ſteal off before he comes up; while they, ſhaking their tails, joſtling one againſt the other, ſpringing up often, doubling their tongues, and lifting up their heads towards the Huntſman, diſcover that they themſelves are certain of the

woods were ſurrounded; therefore, the trying them round was to find through what mews the Hare had eſcaped, or whether ſhe had made a ſhort turn back, juſt as we now try round the hedge of an encloſed ground.

ſcent, and at laſt * ſtart the Hare, and purſue her in full cry.

The perſon who ſtands at the nets gives a particular hollow, to ſignify whether ſhe runs into them, or eſcapes by going beyond them, or turning ſhort. If ſhe is taken, they try for another; if not, they continue to purſue her, following the inſtructions already given.

But, when the dogs are tired with running, and it begins to be late in the day, it will be neceſſary for the Huntſman himſelf to look for the Hare, ſhe being nearly run down; and he muſt leave nothing unexplored that the earth produces, leſt he ſhould miſs of her, for the animal will lie very cloſe, and not get up, both from fear and fatigue. And he ſhould bring the dogs forward, encouraging the timid ones much, the eager ones little, and thoſe between theſe extremes moderately, till they kill her by overtaking her, or drive her into the nets.

* This is from her quat.

After

After this, taking down the nets and toils, and calling off the dogs, he ſhould give over the ſport, ſtaying ſomewhere, if it is the heat of the day in ſummer, leſt the feet of the dogs ſhould be ſcorched by the way.

The beſt time for breeding dogs is in the winter, when the labors of the chace are over, the quiet of that ſeaſon, and the approach of ſpring, being moſt likely to contribute to form a generous race, for that time of the year agrees beſt with the growth of dogs. The time the bitch is fit to admit the male laſts a fortnight; they ſhould then be ſhut up with the beſt dogs, and in a quiet manner, that they may conceive the ſooner: and, while they are with whelp, they ſhould not be frequently taken out, but be often left at home, leſt the exertion ſhould injure them. They go ſixty days with their young.

The puppies when they are whelped ſhould be left with the mother, and not put to another bitch; for the care of others is not ſo good for their growth; the milk and

even

even the breath of the mother is better for them, and her careſſes more endearing.

When the puppies can run about, they ſhould have milk for the firſt year (which is a proper food for them at all ſeaſons), and nothing elſe, for the filling them with too heavy food will diſtort their legs, fill their bodies with diſeaſes, and hurt their inſide.

Their names ſhould be ſhort, that they may eaſily know them, ſuch as, * Pſyche, Thymus, Porpax, Styrax, Lonche, Phrura, Phylax, Taxis, Xiphon, Phonex, Phlegon, Alce, Teuchon, Hyleus, Medas, Porthon, Sperehon, Orge, Bremon, Hybris, Thallon, Rhome, Antheus, Hebe, Geneus, Chara, Leuſon, Augo, Polys, Bia, Stichon, Spude, Bryas, Œnas, Sterros, Crange, Æther, Actis, Alcme, Noes, Gnome, Stribon, Orme.

The bitch puppies ſhould be firſt taken out to hunt at eight months old, and the

* Theſe names are all diſſyllables, which is generally the caſe with our preſent names, which they greatly reſemble. What is Thymus, but Fury, Hyleus, Daſhwood, Antheus, Bloſſom, Œnas, Tipler, Crange, Ratler?

dogs

dogs at ten, but do not let them looſe during the trail, but, keeping them tied in long leather ſlips, ſuffer them to follow the dogs that are trailing, letting them alſo go over the ſcent.

And, when the Hare is found, if the puppies promiſe to have much foot, they ſhould not be let ſlip immediately, but, when the Hare is got ſo far as to be out of ſight, then they may be let go. For, if thoſe, who are high-mettled and ſwift of foot, are let go while the Hare is near, and catch a view, being very eager, they will be apt to ſtrain themſelves before their limbs have ſufficient ſtrength; therefore the Huntſman ſhould be very cautious of this. But, if they are ſlow of foot, nothing hinders their being let ſlip directly; for, having no hopes of catching their game, they will not be ſo eager, but they may be permitted to follow the courſe the Hare takes, by the foot, till ſhe is ſtarted again, and if ſhe is taken they ſhould be permitted to * tear her.

* "I think it but reaſonable to give the hounds a Hare "ſometimes. I always gave mine the laſt they killed, if I "thought they deſerved her."—Beckford's Thoughts on Hunting.

When

When they will not keep by the nets, but run ſtraggling about, they ſhould be called back till they are taught to run up and find the Hare; leſt, being uſed to hunt without order, they become * ſkirters, which is a bad thing to learn.

When they † find any thing while they are young, it ſhould be given them to eat near the nets, that if by reaſon of their careleſsneſs they ſhould ſtray during the chace, they may return thither, and not be loſt; but this may be omitted when, becoming more eager in purſuing the game, they prefer that to their food. And when they want their food, the Huntſman himſelf ſhould feed them, for they will not regard the perſon who feeds them when they are in no great need of food, but will diligently follow him who gives it them when they are very hungry.

* Γίγνονται ἔκκυνοι.

† For ὅταν ἀναιρῶνται, Leunclave reads ὅταν εὑρώσι τι.

ON

COURSING:

FROM

ARRIAN.

—— Canis in vacuo leporem qui Gallicus arvo
Vidit; et hic prædam pedibus petit ille salutem:
Alter inhæsuro similis, jam jamque tenere
Sperat, et extento stringit vestigia rostro:
Alter in ambiguo est, an sit deprensus, et ipsis
Morsibus eripitur; tangentiaque ora relinquit.

OVID.

The ANCIENT METHOD *of* COURSING, *from* ARRIAN.

THE advantages that ariſe to mankind from Hunting, and how dear to the Gods, and honourable throughout Greece, thoſe were eſteemed who were inſtructed in this Art by Chiron, has been related by Xenophon, the ſon of Gryllus. He has alſo declared how much this Art conduces to military knowledge; and what time of life, conſtitution, and underſtanding, are moſt proper for entering on it. He has written alſo concerning Hares, their manner of feeding, and ſeating themſelves, and how they are to be looked after. He has, beſides, written about dogs, deſcribing which were good for inveſtigating the ſcent, and which were bad, and how they were to be diſtinguiſhed both by their ſhape and their actions. What he has omitted does not

appear

appear to have been occaſioned by negligence, but from his ignorance of * greyhounds and of the uſe of Scythian and Libyan horſes. Theſe things I ſhall treat of, being of the ſame † name and country, and from my youth addicted to the ſame purſuits of War, Hunting, and Philoſophy; juſt as he, when he thought proper to write concerning thoſe matters relating to Horſemanſhip, which were omitted by Simo, did not do it by way of entering into a competition with ‡ Simo, but that his Treatiſe might be uſeful to mankind.

* Courſing being firſt uſed by the Gauls, a Greyhound was called Κυὼν Κελτικὸς, and in Latin Canis Gallicus.

† Arrian was a military officer under the Emperor Hadrian. He was a native of Nicomedia, in Bithynia; but, being admitted to the freedom of Athens, being a ſoldier alſo, and a diſciple of Epictetus, as Xenophon was of Socrates, he was fond of imitating him in his ſtyle and manner of writing, as well as in the ſubjects he wrote on, calling himſelf Ξενοφῶν ὁ δεύτερος, The Second Xenophon.

‡ Xenophon, ſpeaking of Simo, ſays, "Wherever I "think with him, I ſhall not leave it out of my own "Treatiſe, but the more readily communicate it to my "friends, thinking they will eſteem my ſentiments more "worthy of credit for coinciding with thoſe of ſo ſkilful a "Horſeman. But what he has omitted I ſhall endeavour to "ſupply."

That

That he was ignorant of the uſe of grey-hounds ſtands, I think, in need of no proof. For the inhabitants of that part of Europe, where they were bred, were unknown, except thoſe places in Italy which the Greeks poſſeſſed, and thoſe with whom they had an intercourſe by means of their maritime commerce; and that he knew no dogs equal in ſwiftneſs to greyhounds is evident from theſe words: * "Thoſe Hares "that are caught by the dogs are taken, "contrary to the nature of the animal, by "accident." But, if he had known the uſe of greyhounds, he would rather have ſaid this of the dogs, viz. "That, when "they let a Hare eſcape, it happened, con-"trary to the nature of the animal, by ac-"cident." For a Hare never can eſcape from thoſe that are well formed, and of a generous ſpirit, unleſs it happens, through the difficulties of the country, either by hiding in woods, or by concealing herſelf in the hollows and caves of the ground, or

* See page 29 of Xenophon's Treatiſe on Hunting.

by running down ditches. On this account, I ſuppoſe, Xenophon dwells ſo long on the mode of driving the Hare into the nets, and in directing, if ſhe avoids them, how to follow and find her again by the ſcent, till ſhe is taken by being run down and tired. But he never ſays, that, to thoſe who have good dogs, there is no occaſion either for nets, or to try for a Hare again after eſcaping: but he only teaches the mode of Hunting practiſed by the Carians and Cretans.

Thoſe Gauls, who only courſe for the ſport, and not to live by what they catch, never uſe nets. They have alſo a breed of dogs, not leſs excellent in running by the ſcent than the Carian and Cretan breed, but of a diſagreeable and ſavage form; and they give their tongues, and open on the ſcent, in the ſame manner with the Carians; but they are more vehement when they find the ſcent. They are too eager on the trail, and ſo noiſy, that I muſt condemn them, giving their tongues as freely on the trail as after the Hare is found; but in following and finding again after ſhe is ſtarted, they are

no

no way inferior, except in ſpeed, to the Carian and Cretan dogs; ſo that, in the winter, it is very well if they * kill one Hare, as they require ſo long a time to reſt, unleſs ſhe is taken by being aſtoniſhed at the noiſe they make. Theſe are called † Seguſii, from a part of Gallia, where I ſuppoſe they are bred, and held in eſteem. As for theſe, every thing that can be ſaid concerning them has already been ſaid by ‡ Xenophon; for they have nothing peculiar or different in their manner of hunting or finding, unleſs we were to ſpeak of their form, which is hardly worth while, except

* In the text of Blancard's Arrian it is καταπίνοιεν, "if "they move;" but he adds in a note, Lege cum libro ſcripto καταπαίνοιεν. I have preferred the MS. though there is a difficulty in both readings. "Unleſs ſhe is taken," εἰ μὴ ἁλῶη, can only refer to the laſt word; but the making it not unuſual for theſe finders, who are allowed to be ſlower than Xenophon's hounds, to kill one Hare a day, ſeems extraordinary, after what he has ſaid before.

† In the text of Blancard's Edition, it is Εγεσίαι, Eguſiæ. But he ſays, in a note, Sic quoque codex noſter, ſed legendum Seguſii. Seguſia is a town of Piedmont, now called Suſe. H. Stephens propoſes Accuſii, the antient name for Grenoble being Accuſiorum Colonia.

‡ Πρὸς Ξενοφῶντος τὰ πάλαι.

merely to ſay that they are very ſhaggy and ugly, and thoſe moſt ſo that are the beſt bred; therefore, it is a common thing in Gallia, to compare thoſe who beg by the highway ſide to theſe dogs, for their voice is mournful and plaintive, and they do not open on the ſcent as if they were eager and angry with the game, but in a whining and miſerable voice, and of theſe nothing has been written worthy of notice. But the ſwifter dogs of the Gauls are called, in the Celtic language *, Vertragi, not from any particular country, as the Cretan, the Carian, or the † Laconian, but, as among the

* Οὐερτραγοι, Vetragi. I ſuppoſe the omiſſion of the firſt ϱ muſt be a miſtake, as both Blancard and Hen. Stephens write it Vertragi. Martial mentions a ſort of dog, called Vertagus, which brought the Hare to his maſter without tearing it, which many greyhounds will do. Grotius calls it Vertrahus; Ainſworth renders it a tumbler, (i. e. a ſort of dog ſo called,) from the Latin word verto, to turn. But Arrian puts the matter beyond diſpute, by ſaying it is derived from a Celtic word, denoting ſwiftneſs; and he takes particular pains to explain this by the analogy of Greek derivations. There can be no doubt of its being a greyhound.

† The Spartan dogs were in particular eſteem. So Shakeſpear:

"My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind," &c.

Cretan

Cretan dogs, ſome are called * Diaponi, from their love of labor, ſome † Itami, from their eagerneſs, and ſome ‡ Micti, from being a mixture of both, ſo theſe are named for their ſwiftneſs. The figures of ſuch of theſe as are of the beſt breed, are very fine, as well with regard to their eyes as to their ſhape, their hair, and their color; thoſe that are ſpotted are moſt beautifully variegated, and thoſe that are of one color are very ſmooth and ſhining, ſo as to afford a moſt pleaſing appearance to the Sportſman.

The moſt opulent and luxurious among the Gauls courſe in this manner. They ſend out good Hare-finders early in the morning, to thoſe places where it is likely to find Hares ſitting, who ſend back word if they have found any, and what number; then they go out themſelves, and put them

* Διάποναι. † Ιταμαὶ.

‡ Μικταὶ, i. e. Mongrels. Both Xenophon and Arrian, when they ſpeak of dogs in general, uſually give a feminine termination.

up, and lay in the dogs, themſelves following on horſeback.

Whoever has good greyhounds ſhould never lay them in too near the Hare, nor run more than two at a time. For, though the animal is very ſwift, and will oftentimes beat the dogs, yet, when ſhe is firſt ſtarted, ſhe is ſo terrified by the hollowing, and by the dogs being very cloſe, that her heart is overcome by fear, and, in the confuſion, very often the beſt ſporting Hares are killed without ſhewing any diverſion. She ſhould, therefore, be ſuffered to run ſome diſtance from her form and recollect her ſpirits, and then, if ſhe is a good ſporting Hare, ſhe will lift up her ears, and ſtretch out with long rates from her ſeat, the dogs directing their courſe after her with great activity of limbs, as if they were leaping, affording a ſpectacle worthy the trouble that muſt neceſſarily be employed in properly breeding and training theſe dogs.

Thoſe are the beſt Hares that are found in open and expoſed places, for, being bold, they do not hide themſelves, but ſeem as it were

were to challenge the dogs; and theſe, when they are followed, do not immediately try to avoid the danger, by running to woods and brakes, though they ſhould happen to be near, but take over the open country; and, when they are contending in ſwiftneſs with the greyhounds, if the dogs that purſue them are not fleet, they moderate their own ſpeed according as they are preſſed. But, if they are very fleet, they then run as faſt as they can; and, when running in an open country, if they find themſelves ſo preſſed by a good dog, that they perceive his ſhadow, they try to throw him beyond them by frequent turns, making for the woods, or the neareſt ſhelter they know of; and this is a ſure ſign that the Hare is overmatched by the dog. The true Sportſman does not take out his dogs to deſtroy the Hares, but for the ſake of the courſe, and the conteſt between the dogs and the Hare, and is glad if the Hare eſcapes; and, if ſhe flies to ſome brake that is too thin to hide her, and tries to conceal herſelf, and ſeems to decline the conteſt, he will call off the dogs, eſpecially if ſhe has

run well. I myſelf often, when I have followed the courſe on horſeback, and have come up time enough to ſave the Hare alive, have taken her from the dogs, and tied them up, and let her go: and ſometimes, when I have come up too late to ſave her, I have not been able to avoid ſtriking the dogs on the head for killing ſo good an antagoniſt. In this alone I cannot agree with * Xenophon. I will allow, indeed, that whoever ſees this animal either found, or running, or purſued, may forget any thing elſe he is moſt attached to; but to ſee it taken, is neither a pleaſing, nor a ſtriking ſight, but rather diſguſting, and by no means likely to produce the forgetfulneſs of any thing elſe one is fond of. But is it excuſable for Xenophon, who was ignorant of the uſe of ſwift dogs, to think the taking the Hare alſo an agreeable ſight. I know alſo, that it is impoſſible for thoſe who ſee a courſe, to avoid hollowing, without any advice being given for it, ſince it would al-

* Τῷ ἐμαυτῦ ὁμωνύμῳ. See Xenophon's Treatiſe on Hunting, p. 31.

moſt

moſt make a dumb perſon ſpeak, as is related of the ſon of Croeſus.

It is proper ſometimes to ſpeak to the dogs, for they rejoice to hear the voice of their maſter, and it is a kind of encouragement to them to know that he is preſent, and a witneſs of the excellence of their running. In the firſt courſe, there is no objection to ſpeaking to them as often as we chuſe; but, in the ſecond or third courſe, when they will probably be weakened, I do not think it right to call them too often by name, leſt, through too eager a deſire to pleaſe their maſter, they ſhould exert themſelves beyond their ſtrength, and hurt their inſide, which has been the deſtruction of many a good dog; but they ſhould be permitted to run as they pleaſe, for there is no greater conteſt than that between the Hare and the dog. This flies where ſhe chuſes, and the other purſues: this runs firſt, turning her courſe, and throwing out the dog; the other, if thrown out, is ſo far out of his way, and is obliged to follow with greater ſpeed to recover the ground he has loſt. The difficulties of the country

country alſo are more advantageous to the Hare than the dog, ſuch as rough and *ſtony ground, and † ſteep or uneven places, both becauſe ſhe is light, and becauſe her feet, on account of the fur, is not hurt by the roughneſs of the ground; beſide, the being running for her life takes away all ſenſe of difficulty.

If the ‡ dog has caught the Hare, or otherwiſe behaved well, you ſhould diſmount and encourage him, and pat him, ſtroking his head, and putting back his ears, and calling him by his name, as, Well done, Cyrrah! Well done, Bonna! There's a good Orme! and ſo each by his name, for they love to be praiſed, as well as men of a generous ſpirit. If the dogs, through fatigue, let the Hare eſcape, they will nevertheleſs approach with pleaſure and careſs their maſter. It is then good

* Φελλεῶνες. Φελλεῖς. So the Athenians call rocky places, that are ſtony at bottom, with a very thin covering of earth at top.—SUIDAS.

† Τὰ σιμά. The word is uſed in this ſenſe by Xenophon. See p. 25, note †.

‡ Arrian did not always follow this rule. See p. 56.

for

for them to roll on the ground, as we ſee horſes do; for, by that means, they will not ſeem tired, and, at the ſame time, will recover their fatigue.

Thoſe who have not good Hare-finders, go commonly out, a number in company, on horſeback; and, coming to a likely place, when they happen to ſtart a Hare, let the greyhounds looſe after her. But thoſe, who are more diligent after the ſport, go out on foot; and, if any one accompanies them on horſeback, it is his buſineſs to follow the dogs when they run. * They beat

* Ἐκπερίασιν δὲ ἐπὶ μετώπου ταχθέντες, ἔπειτα ἐπ' εὐθείας προσελθόντε ὅσον ξυμμέτρον διανύσαι, ἐπιστρέψαντες αὖ ἅμα κάμπτουσιν παρὰ τὰ αὐτὰ διὰ τῶν αὐτῶν. Of which Blancard gives the following extraordinary interpretation: "Circumeunt autem "fronte ſibi invicem obverſi: dein rectâ ad juſtum aliquod "ſpatium progreſſi, rurſus per eadem loca, eodemque tra-"mite, iter flectunt." "They go round, being drawn up "oppoſite each other; and, proceeding ſtraight forwards to "a certain ſpace, return to the ſame place, by the ſame "way they came." I believe this manœuvre would be very difficult to execute. To draw up, or march, ἐπὶ μετώπου, was a military expreſſion, exactly equivalent with our ſaying, in battalion; that is, with an extended front; or, in Dr. Hutchinſon's words, "Exercitum rectâ fronte et "bene compoſitâ ducere." For the meaning of ἐπιστρέψαντες,

beat about, being drawn up in a regular rank; and, having proceeded in a direct line to a certain point, wheeling round, they turn about together towards the place from whence they ſet out by the ſame way they came, leaving, as far as poſſible, no likely place unexplored. If many dogs are taken out, they ſhould not be ſtationed promiſcuouſly; for, when the Hare is ſtarted, no one will refrain from ſlipping his own dog, each being deſirous of ſeeing his own dog run, and the Hare, confuſed and terrified by the noiſe and number of the dogs, will be taken without ſhewing any ſport, and the diverſion, which is the chief

ϕαντες, I will take the words of Blancard himſelf, in his tranſlation of the Tactica of this author, and in the ſame volume: "Κλίσις eſt motus qui fit a viris ſingulis; Ἐπιστροφὴ "autem eſt cum ſyntagma totum condenſatum, velut unius "viri corpus, in haſtam vel in clypeum inclinamus." In modern military language the one is a turn, or face, the other a wheel. The reaſon of the wheel is obvious, viz. that in returning the way they came, παρὰ τὰ αὐτὰ, διὰ τῶν αὐτῶν, (a ſentence copied from Xenophon, ſee p. 26,) they might not exactly beat the ſame tract, but take freſh ground. I need not add, that this is exactly the way of beating for a Hare in courſing, both on foot and on horſe-back.

object,

object, will be ſpoiled. A perſon, therefore, ſhould be appointed to take the command of the ſport, and the greyhounds being in ſlips, two together, he ſhould give theſe orders, "If the Hare takes this way, "you looſe yours, and no one elſe; if that "way, you yours;" and theſe orders ſhould be punctually obeyed.

The Gauls, ſometimes, when courſing, mix their finders with the greyhounds; and, while theſe try, the others are led by the hand at a little diſtance, taking care to lead the good dogs where the Hare is moſt likely to come, that they may be let go when ſhe runs off, and here the greyhounds ſupply the uſe of Xenophon's nets. But, by this method, the courſe is irregular, and the Hare, however ſtout ſhe may be, is ſo much alarmed by the cry of the dogs, that, if ſhe is not a conſiderable way before, ſhe is ſo confuſed, that ſhe will eaſily be caught; therefore, whoever lets ſlip a good dog, ſhould not do it while ſhe is aſtoniſhed, but let her make her firſt ring before he looſes him, unleſs he means to ſpoil the diverſion.

It is not right to looſe the greyhounds at a young

a young Hare, which, according to the advice of * Xenophon, ſhould be ſpared, and the finders, if poſſible, ſhould be called off, which is very difficult, as they are not under good command, being eager through hunger; and ſo deſirous are they of eating up what they catch, that it is hard to get them off even by beating them with ſticks.

* Τῷ ἐμῷ ὁμωνύμῳ. See Xenophon, p. 24, note †.

ESSAYS

ESSAYS

ON

HUNTING.

OBSERVATIONS *on* HARE HUNTING.

ABOVE all things the ſcent has ever been my admiration. The bulk, ſize, figure, and other accidents or qualities of theſe parts or portions of matter that diſcharge themſelves from the bodies of theſe Beaſts of Game, are ſubjects much fitter for the experiments and learned deſcants of a Philoſopher, than a ſimple Huntſman. Whether they are to be conſidered as an extraneous ſtock or treaſure of odoriferous particles given them by Divine Wiſdom, for the very purpoſe of hunting? Whether they are proper identical parts of the animal's body, that continually ferment and perſpire from it? Whether theſe exhalations are from the breath of her lungs, or through the ſkin of her whole body? are queſtions alſo that deſerve the ſubtlety of a Virtuoſo. But ſuch obſervations as long experience has

ſuggeſted to me, I ſhall, in the plaineſt manner I am able, lay before my readers.

That theſe particles are inconceivably ſmall, is, I think, manifeſt from their vaſt numbers. I have taken hundreds of Hares, after a chace of two, three, four, or five hours, and could never perceive the leaſt difference in bulk or weight, from thoſe I have ſeized or ſnapt in their forms: nor could I ever learn from Gentlemen, who have hunted baſket Hares, that they could diſcover any viſible waſte in their bodies, any farther than may be ſuppoſed to be the effect of diſcharging their groſſer excrements.

But ſuppoſing an abatement of two or three grains, or drams, after ſo long a fatigue; yet how minute and almoſt infinite muſt be the diviſion of ſo ſmall a quantity of matter, when it affords a ſhare to ſo many couple of Dogs, for eight, ten, or twelve miles ſucceſſively: deducting, at the ſame time, the much greater numbers of theſe particles that are loſt in the ground, diſſipated in the air, extinguiſhed and obſcured by the fœtid perſpirations of the Dogs, and other animals, or by the very fumes

fumes and exhalations of the earth itſelf. That theſe particles are ſubject to ſuch diſſipation or corruption, every Sportſman knows; for as none of them will retain their odour after a certain proportionable time, ſo it is daily evident, that this time of their duration is very obnoxious to the viciſſitudes of the weather; that the ſcent of the animal (as well as her more ſolid fleſh) will loſe its ſweetneſs, ſooner or later, according to the diſpoſition of the ambient air. I have frequently heard the good Houſewives complain, that, againſt rain or thunder, their milk will turn, and their larders taint; and I have as often perceived, that, a ſtorm approaching, the ſcent will, in a moment, change and vaniſh. Nor is the ſuddenneſs of ſuch alteration the leaſt wonder, if we take into conſideration the ſmallneſs of the particles. The ſame efficient cauſe may penetrate and corrupt theſe minute corpuſcles in the twinkling of an eye, which requires an hour or a day to operate on bodies of greater bulk and ſubſtance; as the ſame fire, or aqua-fortis, will diſſolve the filings of ſteel in an inſtant,

though a pound lump of that ſame metal is ſo long able to reſiſt their violence. That theſe particles of ſcent are of an equal (exactly equal) ſpecific gravity with the particles of the air, is demonſtrated by the falling and riſing of them in juſt proportion to it. I have often ſmiled at haſty Huntſmen, to hear them rating and curſing their dogs (that yeſterday were the beſt in England) for galloping and ſtaring, with their noſes in the air, as if their game was flown; for often does it happen that it is in vain for them to ſeek after the ſcent in any other place, the increaſing weight of that fluid element having wafted it over their heads. Though, even at ſuch a ſeaſon, after the firſt mettle and fury of the cry is ſomething abated, the more ſteady Beagles may make a ſhift to pick it out by the particles left by the bruſh of her feet, eſpecially if there be not a ſtrong, drying, exhaling wind to hurry theſe away after the reſt. This often happens in a calm, gentle, ſteady froſt, when, as I conceive, the purity, coldneſs, or, perhaps, the nitre of the air, ſerves to fix and preſerve the few remaining particles, that they do not eaſily corrupt. At another

ther ſeaſon, when the air is light, or growing lighter, the ſcent muſt proportionably be falling or ſinking, and then every Dog, though, in the height of his courage, he puſhes forwards, yet is forced to come back again and again, and cannot make any ſure advances, but with his noſe in the ground. When circumſtances are thus, (if there be not a ſtorm of thunder impending to corrupt the ſcent, as I ſaid before,) you may expect the moſt curious and laſting ſport; Puſs having then a fair opportunity to ſhew her wiles, and every old or ſlow Dog to come in for his ſhare, to diſplay his experience, the ſubtilty of his judgment, and the tenderneſs of his noſtrils. The moſt terrible day for the Hare is, when the air is in its mean gravity, or equilibrio, tolerable moiſt, but inclining to grow drier, and fanned with the gentle breezes of the zephyrs: the moderate gravity buoys up the ſcent as high as the Dog's breaſt; the veſicles of moiſture ſerve as ſo many canals, or vehicles, to carry the effluvia into their noſes; and the gentle fannings help, in ſuch wiſe, to ſpread and diſſipate them, that every

Hound, even at eight or ten paces diſtant, eſpecially on the windy ſide, may have his portion.

I adviſe all Gentlemen who delight in hunting, to provide themſelves with a barometer, or weather-glaſs. I am ſorry to ſay, that this inſtrument, though a fine invention, is ſtill imperfectly underſtood by the Philoſopher as well as the Farmer; and the index generally annexed to it, of rain, fair, ſettled fair, &c. are impertinent and deluſive. If the gravity of the air is the cauſe of drought, the latter ſhould be in proportionate degrees with the former; and yet we ſee the ſudden, or extraordinary riſing of the mercury a ſure prognoſtick of an approaching change: we ſee it often continue to fall after the rain is over, and we may generally obſerve the moſt ſettled fair, and the greateſt rains, both happen when it is in a moderate height. By the accounts I have kept, the mercury is commonly at the higheſt marks in dull cloudy weather, yet does it often fall a great deal faſter before a few drops or a dry miſt, than an impetuous rain; and even continue to do

ſo

ſo after a hard rain is over: and what is more common than to ſee it deſcend many days together, to the terror of the Huſbandman, in hay or corn harveſt; when the conſequence, at laſt, is only a few drops, weighty enough to deſcend, though the air was in its utmoſt degree of gravity, and the mercury at thirty-one inches. The vulgar ſolutions of theſe difficulties are inſufficient and puzzling, and very inconſiſtent with avowed principles: and, in my humble opinion, there will never appear a certain and ſatisfactory account of theſe perplexing phœnomena, till ſome ſage Naturaliſt ſhall give himſelf the trouble of a more full and complete Diary, than as yet has been publiſhed; where, together with the degrees of the barometer, thermometer, and hygrometer, ſhall be taken in, in diſtinct columns, the time of the year, the length of the days, the age of the moon, the ſituation of the wind, with its degrees of roughneſs, the colours of the clouds at ſun riſing and ſetting, the manner of flying, chattering, or flocking of birds, and divers other concurring tokens and ſymptoms, which may be of great uſe,

in conjunction with the ſaid inſtruments, to ſettle and confirm our prognoſtication. In the mean time it muſt be confeſſed, that this ingenious machine is of great uſe to the obſervant Huntſman; and when he riſes in the morning, and finds the air moiſt and temperate, the quickſilver in his glaſs moderately high, or gently convex, he has a fair invitation to prepare for his exerciſe. I know it is a cuſtom with our juvenile Sportſmen to fix the time two or three days before hand to meet a friend, or to hunt in ſuch or ſuch a quarter. But appointed matches of this kind are my averſion and abhorrence: he that will enjoy the pleaſures of the chace, muſt aſk leave of the Heavens. Hunting is a trade that is not to be forced, nor can the beſt Cry that ever was coupled, make any thing of it, unleſs the air be in tune.

The earth alſo hath no ſmall influence on this delicious paſtime; for, though it ſometimes happens (according to the obſervation above) that the ſcent is floating, ſo that you may run down a Hare through water and mire, eſpecially if you keep pretty cloſe

after

after her, without the trouble of ſtooping; yet, at ſuch a ſeaſon, the firſt fault is the loſs of your Game; the perſpirations of her body being wafted over head by the gravity of the air, and thoſe of her feet being left on elements that abſorb or confound them. This laſt caſe very often happens at the going off of a froſt; the mercury is then commonly falling, and by conſequence the ſcent ſinking to the ground. The earth is naturally on ſuch occaſion fermenting, diſſolving, ſtinking, exhaling, and very porous, ſo that it is impoſſible but moſt of the particles muſt then be corrupted, buried, or overcome by ſtronger vapours. It is common to hear the vulgar ſay, ſhe carries dirt in her heels; but that is not all, it being very plain, by what has been obſerved, that it is not only by the ſcent of the foot ſhe is ſo eagerly purſued. The mention of froſt puts me in mind of a particular obſervation of my own making, that may be uſeful or diverting to my Brethren of the Chace: You all make it a great part of your pleaſure to hunt out the walk of a Hare to her ſeat, and doubtleſs you have often been ſurprizingly

prizingly diſappointed on ſuch occaſions. You have many times been able to hunt the ſame walk in one part of the fields and not in another; you have hunted the ſame walk at ten or eleven, which gave the leaſt ſcent at ſeven in the morning; and, which is moſt provoking and perplexing of all, you have often been able to hunt it only at the wrong end, or backwards: after many hours wonder and expectation, cheriſhing your Dogs, and curſing your fortune, you are in truth never ſo far from your Game as when your hunt is warmeſt. All theſe accidents are only the effect of the hoar-froſt, or very groſs dew, (for they never happen otherwiſe,) and from thence muſt the miracle be accounted for *.

I have already proved that a thaw tends to corrupt the particles, and have as good

* "In the winter there is no ſcent early in the morning "when there is either an hoar-froſt or a hard froſt; the hoar-"froſt, by its force, contracts and contains all the warm "particles in itſelf, and the harder froſt congeals them. "In theſe caſes, the Dogs with the moſt tender noſes cannot "touch before the ſun diſpels them, and the day is ad-"vanced; then the Dogs can ſmell, and the trail yields a "ſcent as it evaporates." XENOPHON.

reaſon

reaſon to maintain that the froſt fixes, covers, and preſerves them. Whether this is done by intercepting their aſcent, and precipitating them to the ground by the groſs particles of frozen dew, or whether by ſheathing them and protecting them from the penetrating air, (as the good Wives preſerve their potted meats and pickles,) I leave to the Learned; but the facts are certain, and confirmed by experience. We have, therefore, only to take notice, by the way, that the hoar-froſt is very often of ſhort continuance, changeable, and uncertain, both as to its time and place of falling; and hence all theſe difficulties are eaſily reſolved. Let the Huntſman, as ſoon as he is out of bed, examine but the glaſs windows, which commonly diſcover whether any hoar-froſt has fallen, what time it came, and in what condition of continuance, or going off, it is for the preſent. If it appears to have fallen at two, three, or four in the morning, (ſuppoſe in the month of October, and other times of the year muſt be judged of by proportion,) and to be going off about break of day, it may then be expected

that

that there will be a great difficulty, or impoſſibility, of trailing to her ſeat, becauſe her morning retreat being on the top of the frozen dew, the ſcent is either diſſolved, or corrupted, or diſſipated, and exhaled. It is true, after ſuch a night, the Dogs will find work in every field, and often hunt in full cry, but it will be generally backward, and always in vain; her midnight ramblings, which were covered by the froſt, being now open, freſh, and fragrant. If the ſaid froſt begins later in the morning, after Puſs is ſeated, there is nothing to be done till that is gone off, and this is the reaſon that we often ſee the whole pack picking out a walk at nine or ten in the ſame path where Sweetlips herſelf could not touch at ſeven. Again, if the froſt began early enough, and continues ſteadily till you are gotten into the fields, you may then make it good to her ſeat, as well as at other times on naked ground, though you muſt expect to run a good riſque at the going off of the froſt, according to the obſervations already laid down.

It is alſo to be remembered, that there

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is no ſmall accidental difference in the very particles of ſcent; I mean that they are ſtronger, ſweeter, or more diſtinguiſhable at one time than at another, and that this difference is found not only in divers, but often in the ſame individual creature, according to the changes of the air, or the ſoil, as well as of her own motions or conditions. That there is a different ſcent in other animals of the ſame ſpecies, is evident from the draught Hounds, which were formerly made uſe of for tracing and purſuing Thieves and Deer-ſtealers, or rather from any common Cur or Spaniel, which will hunt out their maſter, or their maſter's horſe diſtinctly from all others: and that it is the ſame with the Hare is no leſs viſible from the old Beagles, which will not readily change for a freſh one, unleſs ſhe ſtarts in view, or unleſs a fault happens that puts them in confuſion, and inclines them in deſpair to take up with the next they can come by.

That the ſame Hare will, at divers times, emit finer or groſſer particles, is equally manifeſt to every one who ſhall obſerve the

frequent

frequent changes in one ſingle chace, the alterations that enſue on any different motion, and on her degrees of ſinking. The courſing of a Cur Dog, or the fright from an obvious paſſenger, is often the occaſion of an unexpected fault; and, after ſuch an accident, the Dogs muſt be cheriſhed, and be put upon it again and again, before they will take it and acknowledge it for their game. The reaſon is, as I conceive, the change of the motion cauſes a change in the perſpiring particles, and as the ſpirits of the Dogs are all engaged and attached to particles of ſuch or ſuch a figure, it is with difficulty they come to be ſenſible of, or attentive to, thoſe of a different reliſh. You will pardon the expreſſion, if I compare old Jouler, in this caſe, to a Mathematician, who is ſo intent on the long perplexing ambages of the problem before him, that he hears not the clock or bell that ſummons him to a new employment. The alterations in a yielding Hare are leſs frequently the occaſion of faults, becauſe they are more gradual, and, like the ſame rope, inſenſibly tapering and growing ſmaller. But that alterations there

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are every Dog-boy knows by the old Hounds, which ſtill purſue with greater earneſtneſs, as ſhe is nearer her end.

I take motion to be the chief cauſe of ſhedding or diſcharging theſe ſcenting particles, becauſe ſhe is very ſeldom perceived whilſt quiet in her form, though the Dogs are never ſo near, though they leap over her, or, as I have often ſeen, even tread upon her. Indeed, it ſometimes happens that ſhe is, as we ſay, winded where ſhe ſits. But this may be the effect of that train of ſcent ſhe left behind her in going to her chair, or more probably the conſequence of her own curioſity, in moving, and riſing up, (as I have alſo ſeen,) to peep after and watch the proceedings of her adverſaries. However, we muſt grant that theſe particles of ſcent, though the effect of motion, are not more groſs and copious in proportion to the increaſing ſwiftneſs of the animal, any more than in a watering-pot, which the ſwifter it paſſes, the leſs of the falling water it beſtows on the ſubjacent plants.

It is very plain, the ſlower the Hare moves, the ſtronger and groſſer, *ceteris paribus*,

ribus, are theſe particles ſhe leaves behind her, which I take to be one reaſon (beſides the cloathing and ſhielding of them from the penetrating air by the deſcending froſt or dew) that the morning walk will give ſcent * ſo much longer than the flight in hunting. However, it is as remarkable, that theſe odorous particles gradually decay and end with her life †, becauſe it requires the moſt curious noſes to lead the cry when ſhe is near her laſt; becauſe ſhe is ſo often entirely loſt at the laſt ſquat, and becauſe, if you knock her on the head before them, there is hardly one in the Pack that will ſtop or take any notice of her.

The greateſt art and curioſity is diſcovered in hunting the foil, eſpecially if ſhe immediately ſteal back behind the Dogs the

* "The ſcent of the trail of the Hare going to her ſeat "laſts longer than that of her courſe when purſued: when "ſhe goes to her ſeat ſhe goes ſlowly, often ſtanding ſtill; "but her courſe, when purſued, is performed running; "therefore the ground is ſaturated with one, and not filled "with the other." XENOPHON.

† This obſervation, which my own experience convinces me is juſt, the Reader will find directly contradicted in the ſubſequent letters. See Letter VI.

ſame

ſame path ſhe came; for it muſt require the utmoſt ſkill to diſtinguiſh well the new ſcent from the old, when both are mixed, obſcured, and confounded with the ſtrong perſpirations of ſo many Dogs and Horſes. Yet this we have often ſeen performed by ready and expert Hunters. However, if the Dogs be not maſters of their buſineſs, or if the air be not in due balance, the difficulty will be the greater.

The Reader will obſerve, that the remarks I have made are generally on the Hare, which, I have ſaid, is of all others moſt worthy of our ſpeculation and enquiry. By analogy the hunting the Deer or Fox will be eaſily underſtood; for, though the ſcent of theſe is generally higher, more obvious to the noſes of the Dogs, and in greater plenty whilſt the particles laſt, yet, for that very reaſon (floating in the air), they are ſooner diſſipated, and require a more vigorous, though leſs ſubtile, Huntſman, as well as ſwifter Beagles.

HOUNDS.

MY learned Predeceſſors have been ſo full and copious in deſcriptions of theſe Animals, in directions for mending and improving the Breed, in giving advice for chuſing, pairing, kenneling, feeding, phyſicking, entering, governing, encouraging, and correcting the loud-tongued Society, that there is little left for a new Author, without repetition or impertinence. Let me only admire and adore the goodneſs of our bountiful Father, in furniſhing his children with creatures ſo innocently, as well as healthfully, to divert them, in ſupplying us with forces for ſubduing and deſtroying thoſe beaſts of rapine, which would otherwiſe multiply, to the great diſturbance, danger, and deſtruction of the reſt of the Creation.

It is a common practice of our young Students in Philoſophy, (for uſe or for diverſion,)

verſion,) either for the love of knowledge, or of miſchief, to ſteal or lay hold of their neighbours Dogs, in order to diſſect them. We may hear them often diſplaying their ſkill, with pert eloquence; boaſting of their diſcoveries in the circulation of the blood, the contexture of the muſcles, the progreſs of the nerves, veins, and arteries, and learnedly diſcanting on the glands or ſtrainers, the imperceptible ducts of the lacteals, as well as the ſpiral motion of the bowels. To ſuch I recommend a little farther and more particular enquiry into the ſpecial formation of theſe creatures. Let them employ their knives, their glaſſes, and their pens, to deſcribe to us ignorant Country 'Squires the organs of ſound, as well as ſcent, in this domeſtic animal we ſo much delight in. I leave to theſe curious Virtuoſi to delineate the lamina of the Beagles noſes, with thoſe innumerable olfactory tubes and pores of all ſizes and figures, that are ſpread over or paſs through them. Let them nicely inveſtigate thoſe minute fibres which compoſe their lungs, trachea, lips, and palate; thoſe veſſels

which qualify them to emit a voice ſo ſweet and cheerful, ſo proper to give notice of their diſcoveries to their maſter, as well as to call together their ſtraggling companions, to unite their forces.

But there is a queſtion or two which have been ſometimes put me by my inquiſitive Brethren, to which I think it incumbent upon me in this place to give an anſwer.

Firſt, I have been aſked, what or how many different ſorts of theſe Animals of Chace were originally created? What were thoſe firſt kinds, out of which ſo many packs of innumerable ſhapes, tongues, ſizes, and colours, may be ſuppoſed to be produced?

My anſwer is ſhort and plain, yet ſomething fuller than the queſtions require: That, in my opinion, not only all Hounds or Beagles, but all Dogs whatſoever, even from the terrible Boar Dog to the little Flora, are all one in the firſt Creation; that every virtue and faculty, ſize or ſhape, which we find or improve in every Dog upon earth, were originally comprehended in the firſt parents of the ſpecies; and that

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all this variety we behold in them, is either the natural product of the climate, or the accidental effect of ſoil, food, or ſituation, or very frequently the iſſue of human care, curioſity, or caprice. Every Huntſman knows that a vaſt alteration may be made in his breed, as to tongue, heels, or colour, by induſtriouſly improving the ſame blood for twenty or thirty years; and what nature can do, (which wiſely tends to render every kind of creature fit for the country where it is to inhabit, or be employed,) is manifeſt by this: that a couple of right Southern Hounds, removed to the North, and ſuffered to propagate, without art or mixture, in a hilly mountainous country, where the air is light and thin, will, by ſenſible degrees, decline and degenerate into lighter bodies, and ſhriller voices, if not rougher coats. The like alterations may be obſerved in the breeds of ſheep, horſes, and other cattle, and indeed in every other ſpecies ſubject to the art and intereſt of man, and employed to generate at his choice and humour. Even in thoſe animals that are reckoned among the *feræ naturæ*, every

traveller bears witneſs of a remarkable difference, and I hope the Reader will pardon the compariſon if I affirm the ſame of man himſelf.

That we are all, of every nation and language, the ſons of Adam, we have the teſtimony of God, which to honeſt Hunters (who are generally of the orthodox party) is of ſufficient authority. As to Doubters and Sceptics, I refer them to the ancient Poets, Hiſtorians, and Geographers, who will ſoon ſupply them with innumerable arguments and obſervations which unanſwerably demonſtrate the novelty of the world, the migration of colonies, the gradual peopling of the earth, and the propagating and ſpreading of the human ſpecies from one and the ſame original; and yet what an incredible and monſtrous variety is riſen among us, in humour and conſtitution, as well as ſhape and colour? Who could imagine the thick-lipped Ethiopian, wool-pated Negroe, the blink-eyed Chineſe, the ſtately Spaniard, and the dapper Frenchman, to be of the ſame parentage? Or, to go no farther than our own

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nation and climate, how improbable may it ſeem that the faſhionable Nymph, who is not able to make a viſit of thirty yards without a chair or coach, a 'Squire to lead her, or a cane to ſupport her, ſhould be caſt in the ſame mould with the Farmer's Daughter? Or that the ſturdy Champions of Queen Beſs's days, ſhould be but the great grandfathers of that puny race, which is to be ſeen ſwarming in all modern public Aſſemblies, unleſs it be at Church?

But is there not a more ſubſtantial diſtinction between Curs and Greyhounds, Turnſpits and Beagles? I can hardly grant it; or, if there be, it will be eaſily accounted for by the conſiderations above, by giving juſt allowance for food and climate, by remembering that theſe animals are frequent breeders, that they generate at the choice and diſcretion of their maſters, that the fancy or curioſity of the ſons of men have been five thouſand years mixing and altering, improving or ſpoiling them. The Butcher ſends for the famous Dog with the ſilver collar to couple with his favourite, and rears up the whelp with blood and

garbage, to increaſe the valour and ſtrength of this progeny. The Huntſman nouriſhes his cloſe-begotten litter with ſheeps trotters, to invigorate their heels, and Belinda gives her little Oronoko brandy, to make him good for nothing but to look on, to contract his growth into a petit epitome of her *très beau* Philander.

But, notwithſtanding the effects of human induſtry and contrivance are thus great and numerous, yet they are not infinite; there is ſtill a *ne plus* to which they are ſtinted, nor can all our devices add one new ſpecies to the works of the Creation. Nature is ſtill uniform as to the main; the Almighty Creator is not to be imitated by ſhort-handed mortals: in ſpite of art our mules will all be barren; nor can the moſt cunning projector produce one amphigeneous animal that will increaſe and multiply. There appears a diſtinct ſpecific difference in all living creatures; the Horſe, the Dog, the Bear, the Goat, however diverſified by art or accident in ſize or figure, will ever diſcover ſomething that appropriates to them thoſe names or characters; and, above all

other

other things, the peculiar appetites and powers of generation will prompt them to own and indicate their relation. This, I conceive, is the moſt undeniable argument that all Dogs are of one original ſpecies, ſince every body knows that no deformity, diſproportion, or diſſimilitude, can hinder any one of that name from courting, following, or accepting the other, nor their mongrel offspring from enjoying the common nature and faculties of the ſpecies.

But, admitting the diſtinctions of Hounds, Beagles, &c. as they commonly ſtand, I have been alſo conſulted what particular ſorts I would recommend for each particular Game in this iſland. For the Deer, the Fox, the Otter, &c. every Sportſman knows the breed that is moſt proper; but as each of them, with a little application, will joyfully follow the ſweet ſcented Hare, the query is, what kind is preferable for that delightful exerciſe?

The moſt ſatisfactory reply to every Hunter is, that his own kind is beſt; but ſuch as are ſetting up a new cry, I would adviſe to begin to breed on the middle-ſize Dogs, betwixt

betwixt the Southern Hound and the Northern Beagle. It is true, the fineſt and moſt curious ſport is generally with the former. Whether it be the particular formation of their long trunks, or the extraordinary moiſture that always cleaves to the noſes and lips of theſe ſort of Dogs, I need not enquire in this place, but certain it is that they are endued with the moſt accurate ſenſe of ſmelling, and can often take and diſtinguiſh the ſcent an hour after the lighter Beagles can make nothing of it. Their ſlowneſs alſo better diſpoſes them to receive the commands and directions of the Huntſman, and their much phlegm, (for there ſeems to be a difference in the conſtitutions of other animals as well as man,) I ſay, their phlegm gives them patience to proceed with caution and regularity, to make ſure of every ſtep as they go, carefully to deſcribe every indenture, to unravel each puzzling trick or figure. But theſe grave ſort of Dogs are however fitteſt for maſters of the ſame temper: as they are able to hunt in cold ſcent, they are too apt to make it ſo, by their want of ſpeed and vigour to puſh forward,

forward, and keep it warm; their exactneſs often renders them trifling and tedious; and they are like ſome nice Dames, who ſtand picking out every duſt and mote, whilſt they might dreſs the meat. By this means, though the hunt be finer, yet the prey (which is by ſome thought neceſſary to complete the ſport) very often eſcapes, the length of the chace takes up the time, and expoſes them to numerous hazards of loſing.

The North Country Beagle is nimble and vigorous, and does his buſineſs as furiouſly as Jehu himſelf can wiſh him: he purſues Puſs with the moſt impetuous eagerneſs, gives her no time to breathe or double, and, if the ſcent lies high, will eaſily demoliſh a leaſh, or two brace, before dinner*. But

* All other kind of Hounds are now entirely laid aſide by thoſe who affect to hunt in ſtyle, though Somerville gives his teſtimony againſt this practice in the following animated lines:

" A different Hound for every different chace
" Select with judgment, nor the timorous Hare
" O'er-match'd deſtroy, but leave that vile offence
" To the mean, murderous, courſing crew, intent
" On blood and ſpoil; O blaſt their hopes, juſt Heaven!"

SOMERVILLE'S CHACE.

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this is too much, too ſhort, and violent, nor is ſuch ſucceſs often to be expected. For though this kind of Dogs are much in requeſt among our younger Gentry, who take out-running and out-riding their neighbours to be the beſt part of the ſport; yet it would make one ſick to be out with them in a croſs morning, when the walk lies backward, or the ſcent low or falling. The Huntſman rates, the Groom rides, the 'Squire ſwears, the whips crack; war-wing, war-counter, war-ſheep, p— take ye, the d—l had ye, is the burden of their muſick. Their high mettle makes them impatient to drive the nail as it will go, rather than ſtay to creep or ſtoop, they puſh forward, at every fume they catch, they croſs it, overrun it, hunt backward, or hunt any thing to force a trade: in ſhort, in my opinion, it is impoſſible to make a good pack of theſe, without the conſtant diſcipline of the whip, without perpetually hunting them, and hunting them down to tame their fury, and quench their fire.

There is yet another ſort in great favour with ſmall Gentry, becauſe they eat but little;

little: theſe, as their noſes are very tender and not far from the ground, I have often ſeen to make tolerable ſport; but without great care they are flirting and maggotty, and very apt to chaunt and chatter on any or no occaſion: a rabbit, mouſe, or weeſel, will pleaſe them inſtead of lawful game; and, in truth, it is ſeldom they underſtand (if I may uſe that expreſſion) their buſineſs, or perform their office with judgment or diſcretion.

The mixture of all, or any of theſe, I ſhould judge to be better, eſpecially if a diſtinguiſhable portion of Southern blood be remaining in their veins. The managing the litters I muſt leave to the diſcretion of the 'Squire and his man. But I know by experience a race may be produced, that, by running with leſs ſpeed, will ſurer and ſooner arrive at the end; a race that carry with them a good ſhare of the noſe and ſteadineſs of the deep curtails, the vigour and activity of the chackling Beagle, the ſtrength and toughneſs of the right Buck Hound, and the tuneful voices that are a compound of all; but enough of this.

The

The HORSE.

THE Horſe I take to be very neceſſary furniture towards the pleaſure of Hunting; for though I have heard of wonderful performances among boaſting Footmen, I could never yet ſee any creature on two legs keep in with the Dogs. But as every Groom, and moſt Gentlemen, are well acquainted with the uſe, properties, excellencies, and management of this noble beaſt, I ſhall offer very little on this beaten ſubject; only let it be obſerved, that not every good and fleet Horſe is always a good Hunter: for he may have ſtrength and vigour for a long journey, and yet not be able to bear the ſhocks and ſtrainings of a chace; another may be ſwift enough to win a plate on a ſmooth turf, which yet will be crippled or heart-broken by one Hare in February. The right Hunter ought to have ſtrength without weight, courage without fire, ſpeed without

without labour, a free breath, a ſtrong walk, a nimble, light, but a large gallop, and a ſweet trot, to give change and eaſe to the more ſpeedy muſcles. The marks moſt likely to diſcover a Horſe of theſe properties are, a vigorous, ſanguine, and healthy colour, a head and neck as light as poſſible, whether handſome or not, a quick moving eye and ear, clean wide jaws and noſtrils, large thin ſhoulders, and high withers, deep cheſt, and ſhort back, large ribs, and wide pinbones, tail high and ſtiff, gaſkins well ſpread, and buttocks lean and hard: above all, let his joints be ſtrong and firm, and his legs and paſterns ſhort; for I believe there was never yet a long limber-legged Horſe that was able to gallop down ſteep hills, and take bold leaps with a weight upon his back, without ſinking or foundering.

As to all matters of feeding, phyſicking, airing, &c. I refer you to the more expert Grooms, or the learned Doctors of the Hammer and Pincers. But, as my way in ordering my ſteeds is to conſult uſe rather than ornament, I always keep them in the

open

open air, unleſs the night after a hard chace; I allow them two or three acres of paſture to cool their bellies, and ſtretch their limbs, with a warm hovel to ſhelter them from a ſtorm, a rack, and manger, with proper proviſions to keep them in heart, and a freſh ſpring of water in the ſame field, to quench their thirſt. I have known a gelding, with this regimen, to be ſound, freſh, and in full vigour, after ten years the hardeſt hunting; and I dare promiſe him that ſhall try, to find ſuch a one as far beyond the fine-cloathed, thin-ſkinned Courſer, *cæteris paribus*, as a rough Plowman is fitter for buſineſs than a ſoft-handed Beau.

HUNTSMAN.

HUNTSMAN.

IT is common enough with our young 'Squires to take the firſt wide-throated Attendant that offers his ſervice, and make him his Huntſman, imagining the green coat will qualify him for the office, as ſome ſet themſelves for Doctors, with no other recommendation but large eye-brows, and a ſet of loud-ſounding polyſyllables.

But, as every wood will not make a Mercury, much leſs is he fit for a Huntſman who is not born with a natural caſt and readineſs of mind, and has not improved thoſe talents by long ſtudy, obſervation, and experience.

I once had the pleaſure of a long converſation with a very ingenious learned Gentleman, then ſeventy years old. Having himſelf hunted with all ſorts of Dogs, and in moſt of the counties in England, he entertained me with a moſt delightful diſcourſe

on that ſubject, and, upon my making him a compliment on his perfect knowledge in the art, "Oh, Sir," (ſays he,) "the life "of man is too ſhort." This ſage declaration was received as a jeſt by ſome of the company, but I have ſince found it a ſerious truth. I am an old man myſelf, the wiles of the Hare have been all along the ſtudy of my leiſure hours, and yet I am puzzled and outwitted by the ſubtil creature. When I think myſelf ſure, ſhe often puts ſome unexpected trick upon me, and hardly do I ever loſe her in tolerable ſcenting weather, but, like a General after the loſs of a battle, I can afterwards diſcern that it was the effect of ſome overſight, or want of proviſion for ſuch or ſuch a contingency. For the conqueſt of a Hare, like that of an enemy, does not depend on vigorous attacks or purſuits, but there are a hundred accidents to which the ſucceſs of the field is obnoxious, and which ought always to be in the head of the Huntſman, if he would come off with glory.

It is not enough, with good judgment, to chuſe our forces, to raiſe their courage with

with wholeſome food and frequent exhortations, and to make them ſubject to the word of command by conſtant diſcipline and exerciſe, but in time of action we ought to be armed with calmneſs and preſence of mind, to obſerve the various motions and ſtratagems made uſe of to defeat us, and furniſhed with prudent foreſight and proviſion for every new emergency to which the fortune of the day is ſubject. We muſt never forget that every Hare (as we ſay of Fencers) has her particular play; that, however, that play is occaſioned or changed according to the variation of wind and weather, the weight of the air, the nature of the ground, and the degrees of eagerneſs with which ſhe is purſued. Nor are we to be unmindful of the numerous accidents ſhe may meet with in her way, to turn her out of her courſe, to cover her flight, to quicken her ſpeed, or to furniſh her with an opportunity of new devices. I ſay, it is not enough to have a general knowledge of theſe things before the Game is ſtarted, but in the heat of action, when we are moſt tempted to be in raptures with

the ſound of the horns *, the melody of the cry, and the expectation of ſucceſs, we muſt carry them in our heads; every ſtep we make we muſt calmly obſerve the alterations of ſoil, the poſition of the wind, the time of the year, and no leſs take notice with what ſpeed ſhe is driven, how far ſhe is before, to what place ſhe tends; whether ſhe is likely to keep on forward, or to turn ſhort behind; whether ſhe has not been met by paſſengers, frightened by curs, intercepted by ſheep; whether an approaching ſtorm, a riſing wind, a ſudden blaſt of the ſun, the going off of the froſt, the repetition of foiled ground, the decay of her own ſtrength, or any other probable turn of affairs, has not abated or altered the ſcent.

There are other things ſtill no leſs neceſſary to be remembered than the former; as the particular quality and character of each Dog; whether the preſent Leaders are

* I am at a loſs to conceive why this noble appendage to Hunting is entirely diſuſed in this age of expence. Perhaps the French horn may be inconvenient in a Fox chace, but ſurely would be a pleaſing addition to a good pack of Harriers.

not

not apt to over-run it; which are moſt inclined to ſtand upon the double; which are to be depended on in the highway, on the ploughed ground, or a bare turf, in an uncertain ſcent, in the croſſing of freſh game, through a flock of ſheep, upon the foil or ſtole-back. The ſize alſo and ſtrength of the Hare will make a difference; nor muſt the Hounds themſelves be followed ſo cloſely, or ſo loudly cheriſhed when freſh and vigorous, as after they have run off their ſpeed and mettle, and begin to be tired.

I would adviſe a young Huntſman, when the ſcent lies well, always to keep himſelf pretty far behind. At ſuch a time, eſpecially if it be againſt the wind, it is impoſſible for the poor Hare to hold it forward; nor has ſhe any trick or refuge for her life, but to ſtop ſhort by the way, or path, and, when all are paſt, to ſteal immediately back, which is often the occaſion of an irrecoverable fault, in the midſt of the warmeſt ſport and expectations, and is the beſt trick the poor Hare has for her life in ſcenting weather; whereas, if the Huntſ-

man were not too forward, he would have the advantage of ſeeing her ſteal off, and turning her aſide, or more probably the pleaſure of the Dogs returning and thruſting her up in view.

It is very common for the fleet Dog to be the great favourite, though it would be much better if he was hanged, or exchanged. Be a Dog in his own nature ever ſo good, yet he is not good in that pack that is too ſlow for him. There is moſt times work enough for every one of the train, and every one ought to bear his part; but this is impoſſible for the heavy ones to do, if they are run out of breath by the unproportionable ſpeed of a light-heeled leader. For it is not enough that they are able to keep up, which a true Hound will labour hard for, but they muſt be able to do it with eaſe, with retention of breath and ſpirits, and with their tongues at command. It muſt never be expected that the indentures of the Hare can be well covered, or her doubles ſtruck off, (nor is the ſport worth a farthing,) if the Harriers run yelping in a long ſtring, like Deer or Fox Hounds.

Another

Another thing I would adviſe my friends, is to hang up every liar and chanter, not ſparing even thoſe that are ſilly and trifling, without noſe or ſagacity. It is common enough in numerous kennels to keep ſome for their muſic or beauty, but this is perfectly wrong. It is a certain maxim that every Dog which does no good, does a great deal of hurt; they ſerve only to foil the ground, and confound the ſcent; to ſcamper before and interrupt their betters in the moſt difficult points. And I may venture to affirm, by long experience, that four or five couple, all good and truſty Hounds, will do more execution than thirty or forty, where a third of them are eager and headſtrong, and, like coxcombs among men, noiſy in doing nothing.

Above all I abhor joining with ſtrangers, for this is the way to ſpoil and debauch the ſtancheſt Hounds, to turn the beſt-mettled into mad-headed gallopers, liars and chatterers, and to put them on nothing but outrunning their rivals, and over-running the ſcent. The emulation of leading (in Dogs and their Maſters) has been the utmoſt ruin of many a good cry. Nor are ſtrange

Huntſmen of much better conſequence than ſtrange companions; for as the ſkill and excellence of theſe animals conſiſt in uſe and habit, they ſhould always be accuſtomed to the ſame voice, the ſame notes, or hollowings, and the ſame terms of chiding, cheriſhing, preſſing, or recalling; nor ſhould the country fellows be allowed, in their tranſports, to extend their throats.

It will be taken ill if I ſhould alſo ſpeak againſt the change of game, becauſe mere 'Squires would be at a great loſs to kill ſome of their time, had they nothing to kill, when Hares are out of ſeaſon. However*, I am well ſatisfied that the beſt Harriers are thoſe that know no other. Nor is it adviſeable to let them change for a freſh Hare, as long as they can poſſibly follow the old; nor to take off their noſes from the ſcent they are upon, for the cutting ſhorter or gaining of ground. This laſt is the common trick with Pothunters; but as it is unfair, and barbarous to the Hare, ſo you will ſeldom find it of advantage to the Hounds.

* "They ſhould never be ſuffered to hunt Foxes, which "does them the greateſt harm, and they are never ſtanch "when there is occaſion for it."—XENOPHON.

SIX

SIX LETTERS

UPON

HARE-HUNTING.

LETTER I.

The ART *and* PLEASURE *of* HUNTING.

THE ſolicitations I have received ſo frequently from your Lordſhip to give my ſentiments on Hare-hunting, hath at laſt induced me to put pen to paper; but I muſt deſire you will conſider, that, as little can be ſaid on the ſubject with poſitive truth and certainty, great part of what I ſhall advance muſt be deemed matter of conjecture; yet ſuch as bears ſtrong features or reſemblance of reality, being founded chiefly on obſervations, made in a long courſe of years and experience.

Moſt perſons, I may venture to ſay all, at one or other time of life, are fond of ſome peculiar amuſement. Your Lordſhip cannot forget, in our frequent debates on diverſions,

ſions, I have often declared Hare-hunting has been mine. What contributed to my liking it were, the early impreſſions I received in favour of the ſport from a grandfather and father, who made it their particular delight. I confeſs to your Lordſhip the being prejudiced ſo much in its favour ſtill, that I eſteem few diverſions equal nor any preferable to it. The Buck, Stag, Hind, or Fox chace, no doubt have their delights; but of ſuch ſort as cannot heartily be enjoyed, except by perſons of ample fortune and circumſtance, like your Lordſhip; and ſuch indeed do, or ſeem chiefly to delight in thoſe ſports, though many that purſue them, on examination of their hearts, I dare ſay will be conſcious they do it more from a motive of affectation than real love.

A lover of Hunting almoſt every man is, or would be thought; but twenty in the field after a Hare, my Lord, find more delight and ſincere enjoyment than one in twenty in a Fox chace, the former conſiſting of an endleſs variety of accidental delights, the latter little more than hard riding, the pleaſure of clearing ſome dangerous leap,

the

the pride of ſtriding the beſt Nag, and ſhewing ſomewhat of the bold Horſeman, and (equal to any thing) of being firſt in at the death, after a chace frequently from county to county, and perhaps above half the way out of ſight or hearing of the Hounds. So that, but for the name of Fox-hunting, a man might as well mount at his ſtable-door, and determine to gallop twenty miles an end into another county. I do not doubt but at the concluſion of ſuch an imaginary chace, if he came to his inn ſafe, he would enjoy all that firſt and chief ſatisfaction ſeveral Gentlemen do in their hearts after a Fox chace, from the happineſs of having cleared many double ditches, five-bar gates, and dangerous ſloughs, without the misfortune of one broken rib, notwithſtanding two or three confounded falls in taking flying leaps.

After a Hare theſe accidents are not uſually met with; the diverſion is of another ſort. When Puſs is ſtarted, ſhe ſeldom fails to run a ring; the firſt is generally the worſt (for horſe or foot) that may happen in the whole

whole hunt. For the fences * once leaped, or the gates once opened, makes a clear paſſage oftentimes for every turn ſhe takes afterwards.

The caſe is otherwiſe with Stag, Buck, or Fox; when either is on foot, ten to one, after a few turns, if he does not take end ways, and lead the keen Sportſman into continued new unexperienced dangers. If he is unhorſed, there lies the hero of the day, undiſtinguiſhed, unaſſiſted; if not, he has the pleaſure at the end of the chace of finding himſelf a dozen miles perhaps from his own home.

The former of theſe advantages made a noble Peer turn off the fineſt kennel England boaſted. The beſt of Conſorts to this day deplores her Silurian Prince, who, by a broken rib, was cut off in the flower of his age.

Obſerve the nimble Harrier, my Lord, continues the double, on foot or horſeback, according as age, ability, or fortune im-

* The fences being leaped can be of no uſe to thoſe that follow; he ſhould have ſaid, broken down.

powers

powers him, enjoys every note of the harmony, cloſely purſues his pack, is ſeldom thrown out of ſight or hearing, and, above all, enjoys a hunt delightful, but not dangerous, as the Fox chace, moderate, but not ſo laborious, in the courſe of which his ſatisfaction is in no ſmall degree heightened (whether he purſues, croſſes, or guards the foil,) by the frequent views of the Game.

How quick the blood circulates in the vigorous youth, and, at the unexpected ſight of the Hare, how nimbly pants the heart with ſurpriſing tranſports, till then unfelt? How are the ſpirits cheared, the long congealed blood warmed of limping age, the memorable exploits of twenty-ſix brought full into view, and feebly mimicked at threeſcore and ten? How are both young and old loſt in delightful enchantments, when Puſs has balked the Dogs, dropt the Pack, and on ſome riſing hillock plays in ſight her little tricks, leaps here, doubles there, now ſits an end, liſtens, then crouched (as if ſunk into the earth) deceives the unexperienced eye, and creeps to a *quat*.

Theſe are raptures unenjoyed in Fox or

any

any other chace; but Hare-hunting may be as diſagreeable to the Park-keeper, Foreſter, or Fox-hunter, as the contrary to me, and each may, and no doubt hath, as much to advance in favour of his amuſement as I can poſſibly ſay of mine; therefore it would be impudent to declaim againſt other people's diverſions, to enhance the ſatisfaction found in mine.

It is humour and inclination makes one or other partake of any paſtime or not; and the delight found in purſuing a poor harmleſs Hare, with a parcel of ugly roaring Hounds, to a man of cold, ſlow circulation, or a fribble of meek effeminate temper, may appear, on conſideration, inhuman and barbarous as bull-baiting.

The Buck or Blood hound has little to do with the Hare; the Otter and Fox hound (the ſtanch finder excepted) will often join in the hunt, it being very difficult to have a complete kennel of either ſort, ſo firmly ſtanch, but many will freely hunt each other's quarry, notwithſtanding Gentlemen breed ever ſo true, which in a great meaſure is owing to ſome caſualty in the

the entrance of them, or in their entering themſelves when at keeping. At trying young Hounds, great regard ſhould be had to the quarry they are entered at, becauſe a Dog generally prefers the game he was at firſt uſed to, and blooded with. This few Sportſmen attend to, but, on the contrary, if they can bring their young Hounds to ſtoop and challenge a Cat, Coney, or Red-herring dragged by a ſtring, think themſelves well off with a fine promiſing breed.

The like may be obſerved to ſtand good, in ſome proportion, with reſpect to the ſituation. The Dogs that have been entered in, and accuſtomed to the Champain country, like hunting there, before the low-incloſed turf; ſo low-land Hounds perform better in woodlands and encloſures, than the downs and ſandy heaths.

The time for entering young Dogs * takes place according to the ſeaſon they are whelped in: in my judgment they ſhould be a twelve-month old; eighteen months is a great age.

* "Bitch puppies ſhould be firſt taken out to hunt at eight "months old, and Dogs at ten months."—XENOPHON. Allowance muſt be made for the warmer climate of Greece.

LETTER II.

Concerning the Sorts of HARRIERS, *and Difference.*

THE Hounds moſt in uſe and proper for Hare-hunting, may be confined to few ſorts, and each excellent in nature: to wit, the deep-tongued, thick-lipped, broad and long-hung ſouthern Hounds.

The fleet ſharp-noſed Dog, ears narrow and pointed, deep cheſted, with thin ſhoulders, portending a quarter of the Fox-ſtrain.

The rough wire-haired Hound, thick quartered, well hung, not too fleſhy ſhouldered, together with the rough or ſmooth Beagle.

Each of theſe ſorts, as I ſaid before, have

have their excellencies, &c. It is not poſſible, with juſtice, to commend one before another, for kind, colour, or ſervice, preference being given according to the humours and inclinations of Sportſmen, the tribe of whom are very numerous, and, of conſequence, different in opinion.

He that delights in a long chace of ſix hours, often more, and to be in with the Dogs all the time, let him breed of the ſouthern Hounds firſt mentioned, or ſuch heavy Dogs as Suſſex Gentlemen run in the weald. They make good deep baſs muſick, afford great diverſion, and, conſidering how dirty the country is, (notwithſtanding a hunt often laſts all day long) fatigue the healthy footman very little.

In an open country where there is good riding, prefer the ſecond ſort, with a quarter of the Fox-ſtrain: theſe ſuit the more eager, active Horſeman, and ſpend their tongues generouſly, making delightful harmony, and at the ſame time go at ſuch a rate, a Hare durſt not play many tricks before them; they ſeldom allow her time to loiter; ſhe muſt run and continue her foiling

or change ſoil, if the latter ſhe dies: keep in, Huntſman; freſh ground on the turf is in ſome degree a continued view, otherwiſe hang your Dogs, (barring extraordinary accidents of highways and ſheep blemiſh,) for I would no more excuſe the loſs of a Hare on freſh ſward, unleſs the Huntſman's fault, which is too often the caſe, than I would a kennel of Fox-hounds loſing Reynard in full chace; the reaſons againſt it in both diverſions are the ſame.

The ſlow Hounds firſt mentioned generally pack beſt. Of the ſecond ſort, many not being of equal ſpeed, (for it is hard to procure an even kennel of faſt Hounds,) will be found to tail, which is an inconveniency; for the hind Dogs labour on to overtake the leading Hounds, and ſeldom or ever ſtop, nor are of the leaſt uſe but to enlarge the cry, unleſs at an over-run, which happens at the top of the morn, for a quarter of a mile together; then the old Hounds, thrown out or tailed, often come up, and hit the fault off.

The ſouthern Dogs are not ſo guilty of running a-head; for as they pack well toge-

ther,

ther, from their equality of ſpeed, (it being eaſier to excel the ſlow than the faſt,) at the leaſt balk, there are ten noſes on the ground for one.

The third ſpecies of Hounds mentioned I never ſaw an entire kennel of, being in ſome parts not much encouraged: they are of northern breed, and in great eſteem, being bold Dogs, and by many Huntſmen preferred for the Otter and Martin: in ſome places they are encouraged for Fox-hounds, but bad to breed from, being too ſubject to degenerate and produce thick, low, heavy ſhouldered Dogs unfit for the chace.

Beagles, rough or ſmooth, have their admirers; they ſpend their tongues free in treble or tenor, and go a greater rate than the ſouthern Hounds, but tail abominably. They run low to ground, therefore enjoy the ſcent better than taller Dogs, eſpecially when the atmoſphere lies low. In an encloſed country they do beſt, as they muſe with the Hare, and at trailing or default, are pretty good for hedge-rows; yet I have ſeen eighty couple in the field, out of which, in a winter's ſport, I obſerved not four

couple that could be depended on, the majority being ſo propenſe to challenge feather or fleak; yet by the aſſiſtance of a clever Huntſman, and the foil well trod, I have ſometimes ſeen pretty diverſion.

Of the two ſorts I prefer the rough, or wire-haired, being generally good ſhouldered Dogs, and well filleted.

Smooth-haired Beagles are commonly deep hung, thick lipped, and large noſtrilled, but often ſo ſoft, ſolid, and bad quartered, as to be ſhoulder-ſhook and crippled the firſt ſeaſon's hunt, and have frequently that unpardonable fault of crook legs, like the Tarrier, or right Bath Turnſpit.

I know admirers of this ſort, but they are no favourites of mine; few will endure a tolerable hunt, or at default bear hard charging. After two hours running, obſerve them crippled and down; the Huntſman may go on himſelf, for what aſſiſtance many of them give him; and it is plain from their form and ſhape (for nature makes nothing in vain) that they are not deſigned for hard exerciſe.

So much for Harriers: a deal may be ſaid for

for and againſt the ſeveral kinds; it is a wide unſettled point to give opinion upon; but to ſum up the whole in a few words, ſtanch, true Hounds of any ſort are deſirable, and whoever has them of pretty equal age and ſpeed, with the requiſites of packing and hunting well together, whether ſouthern, northern, Fox-ſtrain, or Beagle, can boaſt an invaluable advantage in the diverſion, and which few Gentlemen, let them breed ever ſo true, can attain to but in years.

The properties to be conſidered in the choice of a Hound, were ſettled, my Lord, long before you and I were born, and my opinion can be little more than an acquiſition from former Sportſmen. However, prefer the Dog of a middling ſize, with his back longer than round, noſe large, with noſtrils bold and wide, cheſt deep and capacious, fillets great and high, haunches large, hams ſtraight, the ſole hard and dry, claws large, ears wide, thin, and deep, more round than ſharp, eyes large and protuberant, forehead prominent, and upper lips thick, and deeper than the lower jaw.

The manner of keeping Hounds in kennel, I ſuppoſe I am not expected to enter into: be your Huntſman a fellow of very indifferent judgment, and not one of the moſt naſty lazy raſcals, he will take care to keep his kennel ſweet, his Dogs clean littered, aired, and watered, their proviſions ſufficiently boiled, or rather ſtewed. Avoid coarſe, raw, and parboiled fleſh; nothing ſpoils the faculty of ſcenting more.

As to the method of breeding Dogs, I ſhall only obſerve, Gentlemen cannot be too careful, at the proper ſeaſon, of the Sires they want the ſucceſſion from.

A very little ſpoils the litter, and notwithſtanding all the care and vigilance poſſible, litter after litter ſometimes prove falſe and degenerate, from as high bred creatures as any in the kingdom.

I kept a Bitch in my chamber from the earlieſt tokens of her growing proud, and had her ſo cloſe warded, I could have taken my oath in all the time ſhe never ſaw any other Dog; yet the whelps inherited few or none of their Sire's qualities, nay ſcarce the colour; whence I proved that a Dog and Bitch

Bitch of the higheſt blood may fail of getting tolerable puppies. The like is often experienced among Horſes. How nature errs in this particular (if it may be called an error) I ſubmit to ſome more experienced naturaliſt.

Talking with a learned Phyſician (a great connoiſſeur in pointing and ſetting Dogs) upon the ſubject of puppies, he told the following marvellous tale of a Bitch he had of the ſetting kind.

As he travelled from Midhurſt into Hampſhire, going through a country village, the Maſtiffs and Cur-dogs ran out barking, as is uſual when Gentlemen ride by ſuch places; among them he obſerved a little ugly Pedlar's Cur particularly eager and fond of ingratiating himſelf with the Bitch. The Doctor ſtopped to water upon the ſpot, and whilſt his Horſe drank, could not help remarking how amorous the Cur continued, and how fond and courteous the Bitch ſeemed to her admirer; but provoked, in the end, to ſee a creature of Phillis's rank and breed ſo obſequious to ſuch mean addreſſes, drew one of his piſtols and ſhot the Dog dead on

on the ſpot; then alighted, and taking the Bitch into his arms, carried her before him ſeveral miles. The Doctor relates farther, that madam, from that day, would eat little or nothing, having in a manner loſt her appetite; ſhe had no inclination to go abroad with her maſter, or come when he called; but ſeemed to repine like a creature in love, and expreſs ſenſible concern for the loſs of her gallant.

Partridge ſeaſon came on, but ſhe had no noſe; the Doctor did not take the bird before her. However, in proceſs of time, Phillis waxed proud. The Doctor was heartily glad of it, and phyſically apprehended it would be a means of weaning her from all thoughts of her deceaſed admirer; accordingly he had her confined in due time, and warded by an admirable Setter of high blood, which the Doctor galloped his grey ſtone-horſe forty miles an end to fetch for the purpoſe. And, that no accident might happen from the careleſſneſs of drunken, idle ſervants, the charge was committed to a truſty old woman houſekeeper; and, as abſence from patients would permit, the

Doctor

Doctor aſſiduouſly attended the affair himſelf. But lo! when the days of whelping came, Phillis did not produce one puppy but what was, in all reſpects, the very picture and colour of the poor Dog he had ſhot ſo many months before the Bitch was in heat.

This affair not more ſurprized than enraged the Doctor: for ſome time he differed, almoſt to parting, with his old faithful houſekeeper, being unjuſtly jealous of her care; ſuch behaviour before ſhe never knew from him, but, alas, what remedy? He kept the Bitch many years, yet, to his infinite concern, ſhe never brought a litter, but exactly ſimilar to the Pedlar's Cur. He diſpoſed of her to a friend of his in a neighbouring county, but to no purpoſe, the vixen ſtill brought ſuch Puppies. Whence the Doctor tenaciouſly maintained, Bitch and Dog may fall paſſionately in love with each other.

That ſuch creatures, eſpecially the female, may at particular times like, or prefer, I grant the Doctor; but how the impreſſion of the Dog (admitting to favour him

him there was any) could occaſion ſimilitude in the iſſue of the Bitch, and for a continuance of years, after the Dog's death, nobody but the Doctor is capable of defending, who to this day relates and juſtifies the truth of every circumſtance I have mentioned. So much for Dogs, Harriers eſpecially. I hope the digreſſion will be pardoned, and, if not diſagreeable, I ſhall proceed with a page on the Quarry.

LETTER

LETTER III.

The Sorts and Difference of HARES, *being of no leſs Signification than the preceding Letters.*

A HARE is called by Sportſmen, within the firſt year a Leveret, at twelve months old a Hare; at two years old and ſo on, a great, a large, or a ſlamming Hare. I never heard them diſtinguiſhed by other names, nor do I know more proper.

The derivation of the term is not at all momentous to the Huntſman; he is ſenſible when he ſees her every body calls ſuch a creature a Hare. Your Lordſhip knows the ancients called this animal by various appellations.

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The Hebrews call the Hare* *Arnebeth*, which being feminine, poſſeſſed the generality with a notion no Hares were maſculine; and the opinion ſo much prevailed, that to this day not one man in a thouſand occa-

* ארנבת, the Hare, from ארה to *crop*, and ניב the *produce of the earth*, theſe animals being very remarkable for deſtroying the fruits of the earth. The learned BOCHART, who gives this interpretation of the word, excellently defends it, by ſhewing, from hiſtory, that theſe animals have, at different times, deſolated the iſlands of Aſtypalæa, Lens, and Carpathus. To this account, for the ſake of the learned Reader, I ſhall add the following elegant lines concerning theſe animals, from *Bargeus Cygneget*, lib. iii. by which it appears they are great devourers of all kind of herbs and vegetables:

"Decerpunt læti turgentia gramina campi,
"Et culmos ſegetum, et fibras tellure repoſtas
"Herbarum, et lento morſus in cortice figunt
"Arboris, atque udos attondent undique libros;
"Nec parcunt ſtrato pomarum, aut glandis acervo,
"Aut viciæ, aut milio, aut proceræ frondibus ulmi,
"Præcipue gratæ ſylveſtria gramina menthæ
"Quæque colunt riguas in culto Syſimbria valles,
"Et vaga ſerpilla, et pulegi nobile gramen
"Percipiunt."—PARKHURST, Heb. Lex.

I have been informed by a Gentleman of experience and obſervation, that he has found Haws in the droppings of Hares during hard weather.

ſionally

ſionally talks of a Hare, but ſpeaks in the feminine gender, and uſes the epithets Her or She. The Greeks ſometimes called the Hare Λαγώος, for his immoderate luſt; at other times Πτωξ, implying extraordinary fear. The Latins, *Lepus quaſi levipes*, or Lightfoot, denoting ſwiftneſs of feet.

As to any real difference in the ſpecies *, I confeſs myſelf no judge; I always found they correſponded in ſhape and ſimilarity; but to exceed, like other creatures, in ſize and abilities, which I conceive proceeds from nothing more than their difference of feed and ſituation, and may be ranged under the few diſtinctions of the down Hare, the field or encloſure Hare, the marſhy and woodland Hare.

The mountain or down Hares feed ſhort and ſweet, breathe a fine air and enjoy an ex-

* Xenophon ſays, "There are two ſpecies of Hares, "one large, mottled with black, and a great deal of white "in the forehead; the other leſs, of a yellowiſh colour, and "having little white." He alſo obſerves, that "moun- "tain Hares are the ſwifteſt, thoſe bred in a plain country, "leſs ſo, and marſh Hares the ſloweſt of any."

tenſive

tenſive compaſs for exerciſe; they are found to excel in ſtrength or celerity, and ſtand a hunt longer than any Hares. In dry ſeaſons they commonly make excurſions into the vales for diverſion and relief, and I have remarked myſelf, and have learned from Shepherds and Hare-finders, (by ſome Wags not unjuſtly called* *Myopers*,) that Hares are never more plenty on the hills than in wet weather; the reaſon of which is plain, they feed, form, and exerciſe on drier turf than the vallies afford.

Every Down Hare has a multitude of ſeats, which (as the weather directs) ſhe changes from time to time, and from practice to ſome innate principle, returns to again, provided ſhe quitted on her own accord and undiſturbed.

The encloſure, marſhy, or woodland Hares are experienced to be ſlower, weaker, and more unfit to endure hard hunting than the down Hares, the ſituation and manner of their living being oppoſite: they relieve on too rank ſtrong food, and that too near

* From Μυω, winking the eyes, q. d. μυων ὠπας.

their

their forms; their circle of exercise is more confined, and liable to disturbance, and the air they breathe is less pure and correct, whence proceeds pursiness and short wind. Of this sort are the Hares in the wealds, many of which I have seen when paunched with ulcerated lungs and unsound.

* There is another sort of Hares to be met with (though very seldom) different from either of the kinds mentioned, that wander about like vagrants, living at large, and with indifference, in all places, seating vastly uncertain, sometimes in the enclosure, hedge-row, brake, or strong covert, at other times in the open common or fields. These are the Hares for diversion, and most difficult to judge off, and dangerous to pursue. They ramble through the barn-yard

* "Those Hares that wander in all places are most puzzling in the chace, for they know the neareſt ways; they generally run up hill or on level ground; if they find any uneven ground they run over it in an irregular manner, but very seldom run down hill."—XENOPHON.

Mr. Pennant, in his British Zoology, remarks, that a Hare, when started, always makes to a rising ground, which he attributes to the length of her hind legs.

in the night, and diſregard the gaunt growling Maſtiff, traverſe the orchard and garden, intrepid and fearleſs, explore the dangerous pond head, nor dread the roaring waters, regale on the virgin graſs, or tender clover, or young turnip, or (as ſome hidden cauſe directs) neglect them all, fonder to bark, or browſe the budding twig.

When ſtarted, they ſeldom keep any certain ring, but drive on irregularly, trying all ſorts of ground, the turf, the hard highway, the watery puddle, or dry duſty fallow, and lead the weary Sportſman many a painful ſtep, and through many a dangerous paſſage.

Theſe are the old Witches, that afford inexhauſtible ſubjects after Hunting, that make the glaſs paſs briſk about, the cheeks glow, chins wag, and every faultering tongue provoke, that the whole edifice reſounds the continued boiſterous roar, impatient each to over hunt or recount his part. The inexperienced audience, to every orator by turns, attention deal; but if the Huntſman deigns the view to hollow, or foil over hunt again, ſudden ſilence reigns,

and

and raviſhed with the deafening clamour of the purſuit, with eager infatuation, all applaud, and the moſt apocryphal tales aſſent to and believe; whilſt he! wretch arbitrary, (though illiterate) with ignorance and pride, native to himſelf, aſcribes ſome paſſages, notable in the chace, to his own good judgment and underſtanding; others, leſs remarkable, to the poor Hare's contrivance and cunning.

As I am entered upon the ſubject of Hares, it may not be impertinent to obſerve, how kind Providence has been in the formation of this animal; and it is well, indeed, Nature has been ſo beneficent, there being ſcarce a creature breathing, wild or domeſtic, but is an enemy to the poor defenceleſs Hare. Birds of the air, as well as beaſts of the field, ſeem in perpetual war with her. The very reptile Adder will kill the old Hare, paſſive and defenceleſs in the combat: nor does the Leveret feed the ſmall circle about its little home, ſecure and unmoleſted by the deſpicable Bat and Owl. Wherefore, as the moſt proper means for preſervation, (amidſt

ſuch a numerous tribe of enemies) Nature has kindly endowed her with a temper exceſſive timid, continually watchful, and liſtening, and ever eager, even to raſhneſs, to turn from the moſt trifling approach of danger; all her dependence being in that talent alone, and which the wiſe Contriver of all things has ordained every part to aſſiſt and compleat. If not unworthy, pray take a ſurvey of this little creature; this wonder of animals: not more the charm and delight of the Sportſman, than his Beagles. No creature in the univerſe leaves a more grateful enchanting ſcent, than the Hare; the ſmell of the Martin is not more raviſhing to the Hounds. Pleaſe to view his ſhort round head; look how extremely proper and excellently faſhioned it is for flight. Was he to maintain himſelf, or ſeize his food by means of celerity, a longer noſe and head would have been much more expedient and neceſſary.

See how long the ears, how large and open, how fixed on the head, and when pricked how cloſe together point, nicely calculated to hear the enemy at a diſtance,

and

and receive timely warning of the leaſt approach of danger.

The eyes ingeniouſly placed on each ſide, divided by the whole breadth of the forehead, not ſituated in the front like a Dog or Cat's eyes, to ſee only the ſegment of a circle forward, but ſideways, to obſerve almoſt a whole circle, being formed ſo as to turn any way, to ſpy impending dangers from all quarters *, and ſecure himſelf in time. A farther remark, and worthy obſervation, is, the creature, waking or ſleeping, perpetually watches; his eyes being continually open, and ſo protuberant, round and large, the lids are far too ſhort to cover them even when at ſleep.

View the breaſt, how narrow, and at the ſame time how deep and capacious the cheſt; for as the lungs are in a continual ſtate of violent expanſions, during the time he is hunted, and, by the prodigious frequent inſpiration and expiration, become in

* Xenophon, who is minutely accurate in his deſcription of this animal, obſerves, that "when ſhe wakes ſhe winks "her eyelids, but when ſhe ſleeps ſhe keeps them continu"ally open, without motion, having her eyes fixed."

the end ſo vaſtly diſtended, as to require a much larger ſpace than is aſſigned for the purpoſe, the cheſt therefore is faſhioned to receive more breath, or give the lungs more room to perform their office, almoſt than any creature.

Take notice of the back, how ſtraight, and rather long for covering more ground in running, and well filleted or double-reined, for ſtrength in the performance.

The ſcut ſhort and high, haunches wide, large and ſinewy, legs ſtraight and proportionably long, with ſuch feet no creature in the animal creation can boaſt. Now I have mentioned the feet, permit me to obſerve a common notion, I might ſay an error, there being ſeveral egregious ones about Hares; but the following, I don't doubt you have not only heard but read of; and that is, if you aſk ſeveral Sportſmen, why a low-land encloſure, or marſh Hare, endures not Hunting ſo long as the hilly or up-land Hare, the anſwer frequently is, that the former generally fill themſelves too full of paſture before they form, and that, by frequent treading on the ſoft turf and moiſt

paths,

paths, they become far more tender-footed, and unfit to bear hard running, than the up-hill Hare, that uſes the hard highways and dry turf, which is to be met with, three parts of the year, on the downs or hilly land.

As to the firſt of ſuch Hunters, or Writers ſo ſeeming plain reaſons, I beg their pardon, but moſt abſolutely diſagree with their opinion, it being more plain and natural to believe, ſuch Hares never fill themſelves too full, as they call it. Unerring Nature, doubtleſs, inſtructs them better than to over-eat themſelves, or gorge ſo much to retard them in their celerity, which is their only defence and preſervation; it cannot be I am poſitive. The poor fearful creatures ſatisfy Nature, and no more; their time of feeding begins according to the ſeaſon, and ends about the certain time; afterwards a proper ſpace is duly employed in drying, airing, exerciſing, and ſporting, till the approach of morning warns them to ſeek or return to their proper retirements.

They do not glutton on their food, like the wiſe Heads that hunt them. Eat, for

the cheer is dainty, we may meet with none like it to-morrow. But rather, too often before Nature is contented retire, moleſted and alarmed in the night, to ſome adjoined thicket, and there finiſh their repaſt, on the ſhaded ſpray or ſour herb; happy in their ſafety and ſolitude. Or ſometimes, as Nature dictates, when the ſouthern tempeſt pours down the dreadful torrent, or the chilling north ſpreads the ſurface with his ſilvered mantle, ſit cloſe in form, till better times enſue; content with no repaſt.

Whether this opinion with thoſe Sportſmen who judge of Hares immoderate eating by themſelves, and becauſe they have experienced an impediment in their heels, from a crammed belly, think Hares meet with the ſame, may be of any weight, I cannot ſay, nor do I care: I have a better opinion of honeſt faithful Nature's dictates, than their idle whims and notions. As to the other part offered, that low-land Hares are tender footed, I proteſt, I ſmile at the thought of ſuch a ſhallow opinion. Tender feet in Dogs are owing to the ſoftneſs of their ſoles, or that fleſhy ſubſtance called

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the ball or toes of the feet. This tenderneſs is natural to ſome, and is a fault in the breed, one of their excellencies being (as before mentioned) hard dry ſoles: in others it proceeds from diſuſe, in which it is ſoon remedied; moderate exerciſe every day will ſoon bring the feet into order, and make them ſufficiently hard, to endure diverſion.

But as to the Hare being tender in her feet, a little obſervation may convince ſuch caſuiſts of their miſtake; Nature having been in this particular ſingularly liberal to the poor Hare, by ſupplying her with ſuch feet, as are abſolutely free from, and not ſubject to tenderneſs; or ſcarce ſuſceptible of hurt, ſo as to incommode, or retard her in running.

Pray obſerve what a ſmall web there is between the claws, and the admirable deficiency of ſoles or toes underneath! With ſubmiſſion, what hath ſhe to fear then from the flinty highway, the uneven ſevere froſty path, the poignant bramble, or piercing black-thorn? Nothing—the balls of her feet being ſupplied, inſtead of hard

fleſh,

fleſh, with a ſtrong coarſe fur, ſuited ſo charmingly for the purpoſe, that ſhe treads ſoft, run what road ſhe will; and never eaſier, or more to advantage, than on the hardeſt beaten path, or ſtony rugged road. The very ſurface that cripples a Dog, ſhe glides over with eaſe and pleaſure. Take notice in a froſt, for the reaſons advanced, what advantage ſhe has in running, ſuperior to moſt creatures; whilſt the generous ſteed founders with moderate gallops, and the fleet Greyhound ſtarts his claws, and tears his ſoles to pieces, on the rugged froſty paths, ſhe treads ſoft, as if ſhe went on woolpacks, or rebounds and leaps upon her very claws. View her again on the merry highway, though ſhe ſkims over the clay and puddle, lik an arrow from the bow, yet leaps ſo tender, the ſurface is ſcarce bruſhed by her tread. But enough, I ſhall only farther advance to ſuch tender footed brethren one reaſon, and a true one, why a low-land Hare, or by what appellation they chuſe to diſtinguiſh her, may on experience prove

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leſs fit to labour, or hard Hunting, than the up-land Hare, inſtead of a too great plenitude or tenderneſs of feet, is occaſioned from the too ſtrong or rank feed, (I don't mean the quantity but quality) and confined circle for exerciſe; whence proceeds ſhort wind and purſineſs.

LET-

LETTER IV.

Some Perfections of the HARE, *and remarkable Qualities of other* CREATURES.

NOTWITHSTANDING the arguments already made uſe of, in deſcribing ſeveral parts of the Hare, and how each is adapted to contribute towards the preſervation of the whole; methinks I hear you ſay, What! is this extraordinary creature ſo complete as to have no fault? Does this wonder of animals ſuffer no inconveniency from any of thoſe fine parts ſhe is compoſed of? Few creatures in the animal, or other creation, are formed abſolutely perfect and free from blemiſh. How comes the Hare ſo frequently to loſe her life,

life, and in ſuch a ſimple manner? How happens ſhe ſo often to run headlong into viſible danger; into the Traveller's open arms, or Houſe-cur's jaws, without diſcretion enough to turn to right or left, to avoid ſuch accidents?

To this may be anſwered, the poor Hare is far from being without failings, nay, on the contrary, hath numberleſs imperfections. The very excellence of running from, or avoiding one danger, notoriouſly drives her head-long into another, till ſhe meets her ruin. She is too often ſtupid and ſenſeleſs of the danger that lies moſt apparent, and plain as poſſible, which has occaſioned innumerable arguments among Huntſmen, and many reaſons have been given for it by Naturaliſts; to you I ſubmit the following:

Firſt, I beg to obſerve, notwithſtanding the deſcription given of Hares ears, and how advantageouſly ſituated, there is an inconveniency attends them, which perhaps never happened within the conſideration of ſeveral good Sportſmen. It is natural for mankind, who have never reflected on the matter,

matter, to think, becauſe they have an ear on each ſide the head, and can liſten to a Kennel of Hounds, whether they run to right or left, ſtraight forward or backward, that a Hare can do the ſame: upon my word thoſe who think ſo are egregiouſly miſtaken; a Hare under purſuit has the ſaddeſt imperfect aſſiſtance from her ears ſtraight before or ſideways, that can poſſibly be, her chief excellence being only in a ſenſibility of the ſounds that lie behind her. This is the perfection and primary cauſe ſhe owes her preſervation to, her talent of running being only a ſecondary quality.

It is this ability warns her in time to ſteal from form, and deceive the creeping Poacher; by this bleſſing ſhe outſtrips the fleet Greyhound, attentive to the noiſe of every ſtretch, and ſound of every pant: or when ſtarted by the ſagacious Pack, to continue her courſe, with reſolute expedition, till quite free from their clamour; yet, at the ſame time, miſapprehenſive, and deaf to the noiſe of enemies before, alone intent, and all her faculties employed. on that ſingle

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gle point of hearing, and running from the danger that purſues.

I ſhall be laughed at, perhaps, by half the Hunters in England, for advancing ſuch a ſeeming improbability; but upon my word it is true. Talk with any anatomiſt, that has inſpected the ſtructure of this creature's ears, and he will give you reaſons in juſtification of what I have laid down.

As the only preſervation a Hare has is flying from danger, how natural and plain is it for a common underſtanding to reconcile the neceſſity of her being endued with ſuch a proper aſſiſting ſenſation, whereby ſhe may receive timely information of the diſtant or near approach of the enemy.

Without ſuch quickneſs of hearing from behind, a Hare might run blind, or to death, after ſhe was out of harm's way, for want of being ſenſible of it. I challenge all the Huntſmen in Great Britain, that are of veracity, to ſay, a freſh Hare, ſtarted or courſed, ever ſtops or turns her head to look back: how is ſhe ſenſible, then, ſhe is clear from the enemy that purſued her? She has

no

no eyes backwards. True, but ſhe has ears that anſwer the purpoſe.

I have heard it confidently maintained by ſeveral, and have read in Authors, who were more Huntſmen in ſpeculation than practice, that a Hare's ears lead the way when ſhe is hunted: "With one," (ſay they,) "ſhe hearkeneth to the cry of the "Hounds, and the other ſtretched forth "like a ſail, to promote her courſe." Ridiculous notion! Whenever ſhe pricks her ears an end, or draws one a-part or more forward than the other, it is to hearken more diſtinct and nice on that ſide the forwardeſt ear is, and not like a ſail to promote her courſe.

Had nature deſigned any ſingular aid to her feet from ſtretching forth the ears, ſhe would have ſupplied her with two pair; one to lie flat on the ſhoulders for liſtening, whilſt ſhe ſailed by the other; and ſhe never would have more occaſion for both than when ſeverely courſed, at which time the ears ſhe has may be obſerved to lie flat on her neck; and though ſhe is obliged, on this occaſion, to play all her tricks to eſcape, to try

try the wind every way for advantage, yet, in all the ſhifts ſhe makes, I never obſerved this quality of ſailing by the ear, both being ſtrictly engaged on receiving the ſmalleſt ſound of the Greyhound behind, by which ſhe accordingly, more or leſs, retards or increaſes her celerity. There is nothing more plain and certain, than that Providence hath endued every creature with ſome excellence peculiar to itſelf: to one, endowments proper for preſervation and defence; to another, means neceſſary for the attainment of food and nouriſhment.

Aſk a Country Fellow at duſk of the evening, why yon Owl ſits on the barn door, or perches upon the gate-poſt, rail, or beam? He will preſently inform you, he is watching for a Mouſe. But a man that is no very eminent Naturaliſt knows the Owl is hearkening rather than looking for a Mouſe; for Owls have ears, and delicate ones, I aſſure you, on which they depend for their ſuſtenance, in an equal, nay greater degree than the eyes. Their ears give them the firſt and earlieſt notice of the motion of prey,

long before it comes into view for the eyes to diſtinguiſh it. Yet, though it may be granted Owls hearken, as well as look for prey, I would not have you think, becauſe they have ears, they hear all manner of ways. No, they have no good uſe of them, but from what happens beneath; their hearing is very imperfect before, or ſideways, nor have they any advantage at all in hearing what happens above. Admit they had, to what uſe or purpoſe would it tend? They have not the leaſt hope or expectation of Mice hanging over their heads, but the contrary. All creatures, as I ſaid before, boaſt ſome peculiar excellence. The crafty Fox that ſcouts about, and hath various means of acquiring ſubſiſtence, depends greatly on a talent of hearing from above ſuperior to moſt, and equal to all creatures. What principle do you imagine directs him on his patrols, to lurk underneath, or climb the pear or plumb tree where the poultry rooſt? Not ſo much his eyes as his ears: a feather is ſcarce moved but he hears it.

On the other hand, the vigorous wild or Pole-

Pole-cat's bleſſing conſiſts in hearing directly forward, deaf as an Adder (when he is prowling) to prey or danger behind. I offer this not as conjecture, but matter of certainty, the animal's ears being conſtructed for ſuch ſingularities, eſpecially the "paſſage directing to the *os petroſum*, which, "in an Owl's ear, is produced father out "above than below, for the greater and "better reception of ſound from below: "in a Fox, exactly the contrary, and calcu-"lated to intercept the niceſt noiſe from "above: in a Cat, far behind, to take the "forward ſound: but the ear of a Hare is "ſupplied with a tube directed extremely "backward." As I already ſaid, ſhe dreads no danger ſo much as what lies behind her, therefore her ears are capable, by reaſon of ſuch backward tubes, of receiving the ſmalleſt ſound that happens from that quarter. I could inſtance notable differences in the ears of other creatures, but it being foreign to my purpoſe, ſhall proceed to another well experienced deficiency of the poor Hare, which is her want of ſight.

* Almoſt every one has experienced that a Hare ſees very imperfect ſtraight forward; a ſad inconveniency, you will ſay, not to ſee well, nor hear the immediate danger that is ſeemingly ſo plain. Why really ſo it is, and the means of ſhortening her little life, frequently much ſooner than the moſt violent hunt would do.

I have often heard ſay, when a Hare has been knocked down, or catched by a Dog relaid, that ſhe ran herſelf blind, which is a notion of the moſt vulgar and illiterate ſpecies.

Some maintain Hares to be of the tribe of nocturnal animals, that cannot ſee well in the day, their eyes being much the ſame as Cats or Owls, and of a contexture ſuſceptible of far nicer touches of the rays of light, than creatures more habituated to day-light.

It is true, I am no Oculiſt, nor compe-

* "When ſhe is purſued, the fear of the Dogs and "Hunters takes away her preſence of mind, on which ac-"count ſhe often runs unknowingly againſt many things, "and ſometimes falls into the ſnare."—XENOPHON.

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tent judge of the ſtructure of eyes; but if common reaſon may be attended to, (which every man has a right to offer,) it is natural to conjecture, night or day is indifferent to the Hare, and that ſhe only prefers the former to relieve in, it being the moſt peaceable time, and freeſt from danger. The diſadvantage of wanting quick ſight before, in my opinion, may chiefly be accounted for from the ſituation of the eyes being fixed in the head, at a diſtance far from each other, like Horſes; and to ſee forward perfect, requires ſome ſuch contrivance as the eye-leathers that Waggoners have at their horſes collars, the better to occaſion the eyes being directed more forward than backward; for as they are formed to turn in the ſockets all ways, forward to the noſe, upward, downward, or back toward the ſhoulders, it needs no great fund of philoſophy to judge, that by ſo much as the eyes are turned out of the centre of ſight to look upward, ſuch a proportion is wanting to ſee downward; and ſo much as they are ſtrained toward the noſe to ſee forward, ſo much is required for ſight backward, ſuppoſing

the head to be ſteady and fixed, which is the caſe with the Hare that runs faſt; at other times ſhe turns and manages her head as ſhe pleaſes. But, in an even poſture of the body, the eyes appear ſituated to ſee quickeſt and beſt full on each ſide. Whence it ariſes, that the reaſon a Hare, when hunted or courſed, ſees not ſo clear directly forward, is, that being chiefly intent and apprehenſive of the danger behind, ſhe employs all her ſenſes, all her judgment, to eſcape that danger; and, the more effectually to accompliſh it, depends not alone on the ears, but, by endeavouring to ſee it, ſtrains her eyes as backward as poſſible, according to the degree of terror ſhe is in; inſomuch, that for want of a due proportion of the eyes employed before, ſhe becomes in a manner blind to the enemy that lies ſo apparent. Any perſon may experience truths of this ſort that will caſt his eyes upward, downward, or from ſide to ſide; he will ſoon find, when he points them one way, how imperfect his ſight is the other.

Whether a Hare's eyes receive any inconveniency from being ſo large, full, and con-

vex,

vex, I do not pretend to determine. Oculists say, such eyes, at proper distances, see objects (in proportion to the degree of convexity) more perfect and large than those less convex; or if the eyes suffer damage, by being exposed night and day to dusts and insects, because the lids do not cover them completely, I know not; but be what will the cause, it is certain, Hares do not see so perfect before as side-ways, or aslant.

And indeed, Nature in some measure has compensated this want, and likewise that of hearing, by a most incomparable sense of smelling; I do not mean the sort of smelling peculiar to Hounds, but a species that Sportsmen term winding; being that quality, when a Dog holds up his nose, which he winds carrion by, or a springing Spaniel the bird when shot: a Hare has this talent in nice perfection. Take your stand in a most private corner, if she has the wind, you will seldom see her but at a distance; and though you may happen to spy her far off, making boldly towards you, mark her, in due time she will break the road, and take some other track. Yet I must observe,

notwithſtanding this happy endowment ſecures her from the lurking Poacher, it often fails to fruſtrate the ſnarer's deeper deſigns: he, crafty knave, turns this perfection advantageouſly to his purpoſe; for having found where a Hare relieves, and being unprepared with engines, the reeving purſenet, or elaſtic wire, to ſecure every mueſe and track, ambiguous which to prefer, breathes but on the turf, or ſpits his ſaliva on ſome neighbouring clod or ſtone, or bending ſpray. Madam, on return, diſdains thoſe roads, ſenſible of the ſtain; others to purſue, that harbour certain death: fatal retreat! There falls experienced Puſs! (pride of the fair Sportſman) undiſtinguiſhed and unknown!—Methinks I hear you commiſerate her, but how ſhould it be otherwiſe? Can animals explore inſidious man's deſigns, or pervade his crafty wiles?

A word on the breeding of Hares, and I ſhall proceed to the ſeveral parts of hunting them. Some are of opinion Hares propagate but once a year; I am inclined to think, from February to the end of harveſt, they

they breed often, otherwiſe I cannot account for the plenty there are.

The Does bring two, and frequently but one. I have ſeen three, but very rare. I once diſcourſed as arrant a Pot-hunter as ever England bred, that lived on the borders of South Wales, and had not ſcrupled to kill a Buck or Doe at any ſeaſon for fifty years together, who affirmed he never ſaw or killed a female Hare that had, or gave ſuck to three, in his life.

The Doe makes choice of ſome thick dry brake, high graſs, clover, or ſtanding corn, to kindle in; her paps come forwarder under her belly than almoſt any quadruped; ſhe does not long ſuckle her young; if ſhe did, and had many, the udder would be drawn too big, and lie inconvenient in running. She brings forth different from the Coney, her offspring being completely furred and quick-ſighted the inſtant they are dropped.

It is a remark at the death of a Leveret, if there are white hairs on the forehead, there is another of the ſame breed; I have ſeen three found by the harveſt-men near of a ſize, and not one of them had a ſtar; where-

wherefore I am inclined to believe it a vulgar error.

Three Leverets were the moſt in number I ever ſaw, that in appearance were the ſame kindling. I have heard among Sportſmen (remarkable for the marvellous) of ſix or ſeven young ones at once, but, from ſuch ſtrangers to truth, I never could bring myſelf to credit it. A certain Baronet, long ſince dead, delighted in getting a ſet of Huntſmen and Fiſhermen together, than both of whom there are not greater liars under the canopy of Heaven, purely for the ſatisfaction of out-lying them.

It is a received opinion among Naturaliſts, that a Hare ſeldom lives above ſeven years, eſpecially the Buck, and that when either is killed, another comes and occupies the place; whence happens the Proverb, *The more Hares you kill, the more you will have to hunt*; for when Buck and Doe live undiſturbed together a little time, they ſuffer no ſtranger to reſide within their limits *.

There

* I am ſurprized the Author did not here introduce the notion, mentioned by Xenophon, and confirmed by Pliny, of Hares

There is alſo a well experienced truth, that ſome places are remarkable for being ſeldom without Hares, and others (though as likely in human conjecture as poſſible) ſeldom with any. Whether it is any particular excellence in the feed, ſituation for forming advantageouſly for warmth, hearing, or ſeeing, that induces them to prefer certain parts to others, or that, on the death of a Buck or Doe, another ſucceeds, and they poſſeſs their uſual circle, I do not pretend to reconcile. So much for Hares. Now for the Dogs and Huntſman, both of whom it will be neceſſary to ſuppoſe in the field, whether kennel or pack does not ſignify †: it muſt be underſtood in the language of Hunters, it is a kennel of Hounds, but twenty or a hundred couple of Beagles make but a pack.

Hares conceiving again before they bring forth their firſt young. Sir Thomas Brown, in his Treatiſe on Vulgar Errors, (a Work in which he would be naturally cautious of introducing the marvellous,) aſſerts this circumſtance from his own obſervation.

† This is a diſtinction entirely obſolete.

LETTER

LETTER V.

Of TRAILING *and* STARTING, *with* DIRECTIONS *to the* HUNTSMAN.

HARE-HUNTING commences about Michaelmas, and ſhould end (would Gentlemen encourage the breed) the middle of February. As I have ſuppoſed the Huntſman abroad, and Dogs caſt off, we may as well imagine one or other has made a challenge.

For trailing no rules can be laid down with certainty; it depends on the judgment of the Huntſman, and his juſt knowledge of the ſeveral good and bad properties of his Dogs. A kennel of the beſt Hounds in Great Britain are not (I may affirm cannot be) all alike: ſome are good for trailing

ing and ſtarting; others excellent when the Hare is on foot; others again, for hitting off defaults, running the double, or hot foil, or making good the hard ways.

Some Huntſmen, the inſtant they find where a Hare has relieved, trouble themſelves not at all about trailing to her, but proceed with the company to threſhing the hedges for a wide compaſs, many of whom, being ſo ſparing of their pains, as often beat over, as beat a Hare up. For my part, trailing fairly and ſtarting, I think, the niceſt part of the whole paſtime, provided wind and weather permit.

It is an undetermined point at trail or cold hunting, whether the Dogs challenge from any particular effluvia that tranſpired from the feet of a Hare, or remains of breath, that in her feeding and exerciſe intermixed with and ſoiled the paſture and herbage. Was it from the foot alone, the moiſt path would be eaſier to challenge upon than the verdant ſward. I have heard ſturdy Caſuiſts on both ſides, but ſo void of ſenſe and reaſon, little more than the ſtrongeſt arm has determined the point. In my opinion, notwithſtanding

withſtanding the majority may be againſt me, I confeſs myſelf prejudiced in favour of the latter.

If the Hounds challenge on the relief, it is a point of judgment not to let them puzzle and ſtick, but to rate them together, and to make it good round the fences the ſooner the better. Now the Huntſman muſt depend abſolutely upon his Dogs; the tender noſed Hound generally hits it firſt, and is very often unjuſtly deemed a babbler, becauſe a tougher Dog does not make good what he opens upon; whereas the difference too often is, that one Hound's noſe is ſo exquiſitely delicate, as to enjoy a ſcent twice as ſtale as another.

Obſerve Damſel, or loquacious Dainty, open cheerily, the whole pack run in, not one, for want of equal talents, approves. But as they proceed to warmer ſcent, if Truman or Ruler (ſtanch old Counſellors, never known to give opinion, but certainty, the effect of long experience) gravely undertake to peruſe the caſe, and, on due conſideration, challenge, but in ſingle notes, the whole kennel (in ſcience Brethren and Collegues)

Collegues) from every quarter hurry, and with general yelp confirm the ſound report; whilſt the aſſiduous Huntſman, glad at heart, in oratory of his own, proclaims it good.

It is ſurprizing what a notable confidence preſides among Hounds, in proportion to the reality of each other's aſſurances. The moſt rigid ſincere perſon upon the earth cannot deteſt or leſs credit the notorious cheat or liar, than a ſtanch Hound one that opens falſe, or ſpends his tongue free to little purpoſe.

You may tell me the compariſon is unnatural; but what can be more like the Hound that ſticks a long time and continues opening upon one ſpot, than the man who is a tedious while telling a Canterbury tale, or talks perpetually upon part of a ſubject.

What like the Babbler more than he who prates and rattles upon all ſubjects with confidence, and underſtands no one.

The notes of the Hounds are certain language in the ears of the Huntſman, and what

what he depends upon more than the judgment of all his friends in the field.

According to the length of time a Hare has been gone to form, do they more or leſs aſſure him of their likelihood to ſtart. At the moſt diſtant part of her morning's exerciſe, where the tendereſt noſed Dog can but touch of the ſcent, the true muſical Hound opens ſingle; perhaps a long holding note, or (according to the Dog) only what ſome people call a chop. As they gather on towards her, each old Sophiſter confirms his firſt opinion by an additional note, and doubles his tongue. When near her form, and the ſcent lies warm and ſtrong, all double and treble their notes.

Beware of the counter-trail, which may happen when Dogs are caſt off, ſo as to challenge about the middle of her works, or nearer the form than the feed; there the ſcent lies ſo equal, that the Dogs, over eager and buſy, often hit the heel-way, or draw amiſs: this the Huntſman muſt judge of by the notes his Dogs firſt challenge in. If they double and carry it on

counter,

counter, they will ſoon ſignify their error, by opening only ſingle; for inſtead of the ſcent lying hotter, and encreaſing upon their noſes, it is the contrary, and dwindles to no ſcent at all.

Young Hares tread more deep and heavy * than old ones, becauſe the younger they are the weaker the joints. At full moon they make moſt work, and go a great diſtance, relieving upon any ſort of feed, eſpecially that which grows within ſhade of the hedge-rows and trees. At this time Buck and Doe oftenеſt aſſociate together.

Another point muſt be obſerved, that all Hares do not leave an equal degree of ſcent. The down Hares leave the leaſt. Incloſure, woodland, and marſhy Hares the moſt, eſpecially ſhe that forms in the plaſhy ground, or near the river ſide or wet ditch; ſhe leaves a ſtrong ſcent, being commonly diſtempered and unhealthy.

* "The ſcent of young Hares is ſtronger than that of "full grown ones, for their limbs being tender, the whole "body drags on the ground.—At full moon the trail is "moſt irregular; for rejoicing in the light, they play toge-"ther, and throwing themſelves, make long intervals." —XENOPHON.

The reaſon low-land Hares ſmell ſtronger than the down Hares, proceeds from the ſuperior rankneſs of their food, and the effluvia in woods and incloſures, being far better defended from wind and air than on the bleak downs.

All Hares leave more ſcent going to than from relief, and never ſmell ſo ſtrong as when they paſture on young corn; which requires ſo little conſideration to account for, I ſhall for brevity's ſake omit it, and return to the Huntſman, whom we will ſuppoſe on good trail, and the Hounds doubling and trebling.

About this time I ſuppoſe he is endeavouring to judge whereabout ſhe may ſit; if he is clever and lucky in this particular, it not only proceeds from eſteem, but that deſirable token of it field-money, which makes many a man neglect his Dogs, too much, in good trail, to myope about in the hedges and brakes, in expectation of a ſo-ho! To eſpy a Hare no rules can be laid down, ſhe generally forms uncertain; whoever looks for her muſt have the idea of

of a Hare ſeated ſtrongly pictured in his mind.

They very ſeldom chuſe to form in high woods in autumn, becauſe the leaves, acorns, and beech-maſt, are continually falling; and in wet weather drops from the trees diſturb them. They rather prefer the dry brake, hedge, or ſtubble.

In January, February, and March, Gentlemen hunt in ſome parts till the twenty-fifth; they ſeat moſt uncertain, and wander ſuch a vaſt circuit, an indifferent Huntſman may trail all day long, and not ſtart. What adds to their uncertain forming, beſides the ſeaſon of bucking, is, they are ſo liable, under warm dry hedges and brambles, to be peſtered with Piſmires, or moleſted with Vipers, and ſuch vermin, that they prefer the open fields and plowed lands.

Let us imagine, that by this time the Huntſman has cried So-ho! Obſerve how the Heroes preſs together, and parley over the imagined victim. Pride of their eager hearts, and glory of the field! How each (ere ſhe leaps from form) wiſely pronounces or ſize or gender. The unexperienced

youth, with eyes convulſed, and phyz diſtort and pale, in imperfect, haſty ſtammers, proclaims a ſlamming Bitch; whilſt ſome graver Sire (whom age and experience bid be poſitive) with paralytic nods, and aſpect ſour, portending contradiction, affirms ſhe is ſmall and young. Learned ſage! Others, in joyful confuſion, amaze, and ſuſpence, ſcarce diſtinguiſh whether it is a Hare or not. The Huntſman, on whom for ſuperior knowledge each dependent is, from maxims of his own, arbitrarily decides the ſex. But to ſuch Wiſeacres, who pretend with certainty, from the whiteneſs of one part, or redneſs of another, to diſtinguiſh Buck from Doe, it may be ſaid, there is but male and female; and the man who never ſaw a Hare in his life, but declares his opinion at random, it is a toſs up if he is not as often right as the wiſeſt of them. But to proceed, as we have imagined a ſo-ho! we may as well ſuppoſe ſhe is actually on foot. Hark! the hills and woods reſound the loud acclaim.

Now the leaden-heeled Hind and brawny Peaſant, with hob-nailed ſhoone, labour o'er

o'er the clod; the inſect world tremble at their tread, the hardy Woodman ſpeeds from toil, the Plowman quits the unfiniſhed furrow; all ſcamper o'er the plain, multiplying as they go: ſome armed with clubs or ſtaves, in leathern jerkins clad; others the flail or dung-fork wield, and in frocks of white or azure hue (ſuccinct for ſpeed) terrific ſeem. Each generous heart diſdains to lie behind. Now no diſtinction rules. The King, the Keiſer, the Lord, the Hind, Fellows alike, and Competitors in the field. Now, Huntſman, lay in your Dogs well, and rather whiſper than bellow to them, till they undertake it, and go on full cry. Follow yourſelf at a due diſtance, and, as occaſion requires, re-cheat them; if you have not a horn, call them two or three times together, ſoftly! ſoftly! for nought but general emulation reigns, Sire with Son, and Son with Sire contend; impetuous drive the Dogs. Beware the unexperienced Sportſman, whether on foot or horſeback; be ſure check his forwardneſs. Many people think a chief part of hunting conſiſts in hollowing loud, and running

or riding hard; but they are miſtaken, and ſuch perſons, gentle or ſimple, muſt not be offended if the Huntſman ſwears at them, he has a right to do ſo. No tongue can be allowed but his, nor, at this time, no foot more forward than his own.

A cloſeneſs on the Dogs, it is well known, hurries them too much, being apt of themſelves, in their firſt heat of mettle, to over-ſhoot the Game. Many hours ſad ſport has happened from driving the Hounds too faſt, and confounding them with the hollowing of the company, or a noiſy block-head of a Huntſman or Whipper-in.

As Puſs takes her circuit, judgment is often made of her gender. A Buck gives ſuſpicion by beating the hard paths, ſtony highways, and taking a ring of a large extent in proportion to the compaſs of his feed and exerciſe, which may be gueſſed at, from the quantity of ground the Dogs trailed over: it being worthy of notice, that, in the progreſs of the chace, a Hare will go over great part of the trailed land, and viſit her works of the preceding night and morning, unleſs ſhe takes endways, which, after a ring

a ring or ſo, a Buck is apt to do, and loiter a vaſt way on freſh ground, without offering to return.

The Doe now and then doubles in a ſhort ſpace, and ſeldom holds an end, unleſs knit, or at the end of the ſeaſon has kindled. At ſuch times ſhe often runs forward, and ſcarce ever returns to her young, or eſcapes with life, being naturally weak and unfit for fatigue.

Yet, notwithſtanding all that can be advanced, both ſexes regulate their conduct much according to the ſeaſon and weather. After a rainy night, in a woody country, neither Buck nor Doe cares to keep the covert, the wet and drops that hang on the ſprays offend them; therefore they hold the highways or ſtony lanes, for as the ſcent naturally lies ſtrong, they beat the roads that take the leaſt: not that a Hare judges upon what ſoil the ſcent lies weakeſt, it is her ears that chiefly direct her; for the Hounds being oftener at default on the hard paths than the turf, ſhe finds herſelf not ſo cloſely purſued, by being not much alarmed with the continued cry of the Dogs at

her heels. The larger the cry, the more ſhe is terrified, and faſter ſhe ſpeeds, the certain effect of which is a heart broke ſooner than with a kennel, in number and goodneſs equal, that ſpent their tongues leſs free.

The ſame principle directs her to ſeek the covert in autumn, when the ground is dry, and wind bleak and cold at north or eaſt; then Puſs runs the paths that are covered with leaves, which are ſo continually falling and blowing about, the beſt Hounds can make but little of her; therefore her alarms being not of long continuance, but ſeldom and ſhort, ſhe reſts contented where ſhe is leaſt diſturbed.

If a Hare is trailing to form, on that depends great part of the ſucceſs of the hunt; if ſhe is beat up, the firſt ring is a foundation for the ſucceeding paſtime, all the tucks and doubles ſhe afterwards makes, being, in a great meaſure, like the firſt.

According to the ground ſhe runs, the Fieldmen are to ſtation themſelves; no two are to ſtand prating together; let each purſue the method he thinks beſt for aſſiſting the

the Dogs, and his own diverſion. This is the time to give proof of good judgment.

If any perſons are lying back, or guarding the foil, I recommend ſtanding alone, quiet and private as poſſible. Above all, obſerve the wind. Whoever ſits in the wind, hundred to one he does not ſee the Hare, unleſs, at a great diſtance, ſhe drops back, or leaps aſide, for the reaſons before obſerved.

On ſight of the Hare, and ſhe happens to *quat*, ſilence will be an argument of great prudence; if the Dogs are at default, let them remain ſo: but if ſhe goes forward, and will ſpeed, the ſingle view hollow, if the Huntſman is within hearing, is allowable, in order to encourage and give him information what part ſhe bears for.

Beware, above all things, the vile practice of hollowing off the Hounds, to lay them in after a view; leaving unhaunted ground is the worſt thing can poſſibly happen. Beſides, it not only ſpoils the Dogs, and accuſtoms them at every fault to liſten for the hollow, but it is foul ſport and condemnable.

I hinted ſome time paſt, the Huntſman ſhould,

ſhould, by all means, go on the firſt ring; a deal depends on his knowledge of it in the courſe of Hunting; and as he follows, it cannot be amiſs to ſmooth here and there with his foot* ſeveral parts of the circuit the Hare makes, eſpecially under gates, ſtiles, entrances and endings of bye-lanes and highways, as often as time and the ſoil will admit.

By this means (if ſhe doubles) he will certainly prick her upon ſome of thoſe places again and again, and be of ſingular uſe to the Hounds in drawing the hot foil. As he pricks her, let him bruſh it out and re-ſmooth the places. This is the beſt method of treading a foil, and if done with judgment, no Hare that holds her foiling can eſcape, if the Huntſman is allowed to put it in practice.

It is a rule among Sportſmen, when a Hare runs the double, to ſet people to it backwards, in order to meet, and oblige her

* Theſe letters, which ſeem calculated for ſome very ſtrongly incloſed country, agree with Xenophon's account of hunting in the mountainous and woody country of Greece; the horſe in both ſeem entirely to be uſeleſs.

to take freſh ground; the conſequence of which often has been, that having met and hooped her, ſhe has redoubled back a few rods, and leaped off into ſome hedge or brake, and there *quat*, till the Dogs (confounded in the midſt of two equal burning heats) paſs her and come to the dead default. Now the judgment of the Huntſman, and ſtanchneſs of the Hounds, are to be approved; but theſe I ſhall reſerve for the next chapter.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

Of the DEFAULT, *with ſome* CAUTIONS; *alſo of marvellous* TALES *of* HARES *at Default.*

THE chief conſiderations at default are, how long the Hare has been on foot, and how far the Hounds make it good? If ſhe has not been run half her time (as near as judgment can be made), the Huntſman muſt try expeditiouſly a wide circle, changing his Dogs hard and quick on the highways, and ſo perſiſt in trying circle within circle, till he returns to the place the Dogs threw up at. On the other hand, if ſhe has been drove hard three parts of her time, or is near dead run, ſhe will only leap off a few rods, and *quat*, until one or other of

of the Dogs jumps upon her. Therefore, in ſuch caſe, the Huntſman needs only to try a ſmall circle, not nimble, but ſlow and ſure, with great caution and care; for the compaſs being ſo little, he has no occaſion to draw ſo haſty about as if twice as large.

Take heed of talking too loud to the Hounds; I have heard ſome fellows in an harſh tone, inſtead of cheriſhing, rate and confound them; there are Dogs of ſhy fearful tempers that will ſcarce bear ſpeaking to. Give me a fellow of everlaſting patience and good temper, that does not hunt becauſe it is his buſineſs, but loves it naturally; one with a moderate voice and clear, that ſpeaks to an old Hound at default, quick, but not noiſy, and cheriſhes him nimbly, very often, and in a tone that enforces life and courage, and compels him to ſtoop perpetually.

Beware unhaunted ground; the inconveniency attending it will be too apparent. Avoid likewiſe the prevailing fault of leaving the recovery to endeavour to prick; it is not the Huntſman's buſineſs, but the company's in the field; therefore he ſhould not,

upon

upon any account, attempt it: for whilſt he is myoping about, the Dogs throw up, not one in twenty has his noſe to the ground. If it happens to be a long dead default, pay ſome regard, Huntſman, to the tender-noſed babbling Dog you diſregarded in the morning; the delicacy of his noſtrils may be ſuſceptible of the ſcent a long time later than a ſtancher Hound. You have ſaid, ſuch and ſuch a Dog deſerves hanging; he will open at nothing at all, ſay you: but beware, my friend, if it is not the contrary, and owing to his ſuperior excellence of ſcenting; for, as I have already obſerved, a Hare that relieved at twelve at night, the tender Hound you condemn will challenge cheerily next morning, and in the preſent diſheartening caſe, if he does but open, it may encourage ſome ſtancher Hound to run in and ſtoop; which, after a long tedious default, he would not otherwiſe do. I have known Huntſmen ſo diſtreſſed, to make their Dogs try and ſtoop (when it has been found which way the Hare has baulked them,) that they have rung an old Hound's ears ſo cleverly, he has roared as if he had hit

hit upon a burning ſcent, which has invited the pack together, and given them ſuch ſpirits, every Dog has ſtooped and tried it.

How numerous are the marvellous ſtories of Hares at default, tending chiefly to aggrandiſe their extenſive capacity and cunning. Some we read of, when hard preſſed, that have ſtarted freſh Hares, and *quatted* in their forms; others climbed upon quickſet hedges, and ran a long way upon the top, then leaped off, and baulked the Dogs. Some have made to furze-buſhes, and leaped from buſh to buſh, like Squirrels from ſpray to ſpray, by which means the Hounds have been at irrecoverable defaults. Becauſe I never experienced ſuch craft and policy, it would be wrong to deny the reality of it: but, faith, I ſmile to read or hear of Hares that played ſuch pranks with deſign or on purpoſe.

I have ſeen inſtances of their dropping back, and ſeating again in the ſame forms; alſo of vaulting, running through houſes, creeping into ſheep-cotes, and, in open countries, of holding the ſheep-blemiſh, and intermixing with the flock; but moſt of

of thoſe tricks are done when a Hare is harraſſed out of her ſenſes, and not by pure contrivance and deſign.

I will venture to affirm, if a Hare has any cunning at all, ſhe never ſhews it ſo much (being never more ſafe) than when ſhe continues the foil, or traverſes her ring over and over.

I laugh at the ſimpleton, that does not conſider it is a poor Hare's extraordinary fear, not the effect of judgment, that drives and provokes her to ſuch raſh and dangerous attempts, and ſhall think the man ſhallow brained himſelf that contends for the contrary.

On recovery, judgment may be made from the time the Hare has run, and time ſhe has *quat*, how long ſhe may be likely to ſtand; the Huntſman is never to quit the default, whilſt day-light and weather permit: if the Hare is not killed or taken up, there is no good reaſon why it is not to be hit off; and it ſhould be a ſtanding maxim, that it is ever as eaſy to recover a loſt Hare as to ſtart a freſh one.

By a long *quat*, after a moderate hunt, a Hare

Hare often becomes ſtiff, therefore the Hunters ſhould preſs in upon the Dogs, eſpecially in covert: many Hares are eat up by the Hounds for want of forming ſome ſuch judgment, and then the ſimple Huntſman damns and ſwears at the Dogs; whereas his own deſert ſhould be a cudgel for his ſtupidity, the Hounds being entitled to every Hare they hunt; it is the chief reward of their labour and merit.

It is diverting to hear country fellows, on ſight of a Hare, cry out ſhe is all over in a ſweat, which is a monſtrous ignorance. The moſt indifferent Sportſmen know to the contrary, the leaſt proof not being to be found on the niceſt examination, no more than of a Dog or Cat's ſweating.

There is another prevailing notion*, very vulgar, much talked of, and leſs underſtood, that the longer a Hare has been hunted, the weaker the ſcent grows. I never found ſuch an alteration; and, if any judgment is allowed to be made from the behaviour of the Hounds, the old ſtanch Dogs will be found to rate on, towards the concluſion of

* See the former Eſſay, p. 80.

the hunt, with additional vigour, not from decay of ſcent, but the contrary; whence they become, every inch they go, more ſenſible of their near approach to the Hare, than all the Hunters in the field.

But ſhould it be maintained, the ſmell does really decreaſe, the more a Hare is preſſed, what can it be owing to? To lay it down as fact, without offering ſome reaſon, is certainly a very arbitrary determination. Is it becauſe ſhe is run out of wind? If that is allowed, Caſuiſts, who maintain Hounds hunt the foot, muſt give up the argument: for what reaſon can be aſſigned why a Hare's feet, immediately before her death, do not leave as ſtrong and equal ſcent as at ſtarting.

Hares, or other creatures, hard run, perform their inſpiration and expiration very quick, at leaſt ſix times in proportion for once they otherwiſe would, if cool and not urged. Now, if ſix expirations, under ſevere purſuit, are equal to one, when a Hare is juſt ſtarted, what difference can there be in the ſcent?

It may be alledged, the ſcent lies ſtronger

at

at firſt, becauſe it makes its return from a full ſtomach, or that at ſtarting, the lungs having not ſuffered much diſtention, ſhe breathes freer, which, by running low to the earth, intermixes better with the herbage. On the other hand, that a Hare long hunted runs high, and of courſe emits her breath farther off from the ſurface, therefore more liable to be ſooner ſeparated, and overcome by wind and air.

To the firſt part I anſwer, the faſter a Hare runs, the longer ſtretches; therefore the lower ſhe lies to the ground, but the farther the Hounds are behind; and her breath (though expired ever ſo free) remains a long time, in proportion to the diſtance, before the Dogs come up to enjoy it.

In the ſecond place, the hard hunted Hare makes her ſtretches ſhorter, which brings her body naturally more upright and high from the ſurface, and the ſcent hereby is more liable to be ſooner overcome by wind and weather. But, then, as ſhe breathes quick in proportion, as I juſt ſaid, and ſhortens her pace in a ſenſible degree,

the Hounds, ſo much as ſhe ſhortens, ſo much do they haſten, being drawn on by an increaſing ſcent, even until Madam feels them at her heels.

Another reaſon, more natural and eaſy than either of the aforeſaid, why a Hare, towards the end of the hunt, is often difficult to be killed, is, that if ſhe holds her circuit, ſhe confines her works in a much ſhorter compaſs, doubles here and there over and over; ſhifts, redoubles, and tries all places for reſt and ſecurity, making a deal of foiling in a little ſpace, which variety of equal ſcent puzzles the Dogs exceedingly. But this is diſcourſe the illiterate Huntſman troubles himſelf little about, his chief ſtudy and height of genius extending little farther than to that moſt deſirable excellence of hollowing loud, and winding the ſtraight horn, and talking to his Dogs in an unintelligible jargon, that a Hottentot would bluſh to be maſter of.

So much for Hare-hunting. If you meet with any of my ſentiments that agree with your own, or that give the leaſt ſatisfactory information, I am ſatisfied. You know

know I live in the woodland country, and write like ſuch a one; my Huntſman is obliged to be always on foot, and a nimble one. The properties requiſite to make a good one, are, as before is hinted, everlaſting patience, indefatigableneſs, a good heel, tolerable muſical voice, and a natural love for Hounds and Hunting. Lying tongues the honeſteſt carry, but if they do not impoſe on their Maſters it may be pardoned. Hare-hunting is a fine recreation, and, for innumerable reaſons, worthy of being followed, but often ſuch hard exerciſe on foot, that were boys put apprentice to it, not one in fifty would ſerve out his time.

AN

ACCOUNT

OF THE

HUNTING EXCURSIONS

OF

ASOPH UL DOULAH,

Viſier of the Mogul Empire, and Nabob of Oude.

BY

WILLIAM BLANE, Esq.

Who attended in theſe Excurſions in the Years 1785 and 1786.

Asoph Ul Doulah's Hunting Excursions.

THE Viſier always ſets out upon his annual hunting party a ſoon as the cold ſeaſon is well ſet in; that is, about the beginning of December; and he ſtays out till the heats, about the beginning of March, force him back again. During this time, he generally makes a circuit of country from four to ſix hundred miles, always bending his courſe towards the ſkirts of the Northern Mountains, where the country, being wild and uncultivated, is the moſt proper for game.

When he marches, he takes with him, not only his houſehold and Zenana *, but all his Court, and a great part of the inhabi-

* The Seraglio.

tants

tants of his capital. Beſides the immediate attendants about his perſon, in the various capacities of Rhidmitgars*, Fraſhes†, Chobdars‡, Harcaras §, Mewatics ¶, &c. which may amount to about two thouſand, he is attended in camp by five or ſix hundred horſe, and ſeveral battalions of regular ſepoys, with their field-pieces. He takes with him about four or five hundred elephants; of theſe ſome are broke in for riding, ſome for fighting, ſome carry baggage, and the reſt are reſerved for clearing the jungles ‖ and foreſts of the game: of the firſt kind, there

* Footmen, or valets-de-chambre.

† Servants whoſe buſineſs is to pitch tents in the field, and in the houſe to ſpread the carpets, &c. and keep the apartments clean.

‡ Servants who carry a ſilver mace in front of the proceſſion, who attend at the door to announce ſtrangers and viſitors, and who are ſent upon meſſages of ceremony.

§ Servants employed for meſſages, and to procure intelligence.

¶ A ſect of Hindoſtan ſoldiers, principally employed as guards.

‖ Deſert and uncultivated places, whether covered with long graſs or reeds, or with bruſh-wood, or foreſts.

are always twenty or thirty ready capariſoned, with *Howdahs* * and *Amarys* †, that attend cloſe behind the one he rides upon himſelf, that he may change occaſionally to any of them he likes; or he ſometimes permits ſome of his attendants to ride upon them. He has with him about five or ſix hundred ſumpter horſes, a great many of which are always led ready ſaddled near him; many of them are beautiful Perſian horſes, and ſome of them of the Arabian breed; but he ſeldom rides any of them. Of wheel carriages, there are a great many of the country faſhion drawn by bullocks, principally for the accommodation of the

* The ſame as Amarys, but without a canopy.

† An Amary is the machine faſtened upon the back of the elephant for riding in. It is generally made of wood, painted and gilded. It is of a ſquare form, with ledges about eight inches high, and in two diviſions, the largeſt before, and a ſmall one behind for a ſervant: the firſt diviſion is from three to four feet wide, with cuſhions and bedding in it; and the whole is covered by a canopy, ſupported with eight ſtandards, and covered with Engliſh broad cloth, either plain or embroidered.

women;

women; beſides which, he has with him a couple of Engliſh chaiſes, a buggy or two, and ſometimes a chariot; but all theſe, like the horſes, are merely for ſhow, and never uſed; indeed, he ſeldom uſes any other conveyance but an elephant, or ſometimes, when fatigued or indiſpoſed, a palanquin, of which ſeveral attend him.

The arms he carries with him are a vaſt number of matchlocks—a great many Engliſh pieces of various kinds—piſtols (of which he is very fond), a great number, perhaps forty or fifty pairs—bows and arrows—beſides ſwords, ſabres, and daggers innumerable. One or more of all theſe different kinds of arms he generally has upon the elephant with him, and a great many more are carried in readineſs by his attendants.

The animals he carries for ſport are dogs, principally greyhounds, of which he has about three hundred—hawks, of various kinds, at leaſt two hundred—a few trained leopards, called *Cheetahs*, for catching deer—and to this liſt I may add a great many markſmen, whoſe profeſſion is to ſhoot deer

—and

——and fowlers who provide game; for there are none of the natives of India who have any idea of ſhooting game with ſmall ſhot, or of hunting with ſlow hounds. He is alſo furniſhed with nets of various kinds, ſome for quail, and others very large, for fiſhing, which are carried along with him upon elephants, attended by fiſhermen, ſo as to be always ready to be thrown into any river or lake he may meet with on the march.

Beſides this Catalogue for the ſport, he carries with him every article of luxury or pleaſure; even ice is tranſported along with him to cool his water, and make ices; and a great many carts are loaded with the Ganges water, which is eſteemed the beſt and lighteſt in India, for his drink. The fruits of the ſeaſon, and freſh vegetables, are ſent to him daily from his gardens to whatever diſtance he may go, by laid bearers, ſtationed upon the road at the diſtance of every ten miles, and in this manner convey whatever is ſent by them at the rate of four miles an hour, night and day. Beſides the

the fighting elephants, which I have mentioned, he has with him fighting antelopes, fighting buffaloes, and fighting rams, in great numbers: and laſtly, of the feathered kind (beſides hawks), he carries with him ſeveral hundred pigeons, ſome fighting cocks, and an endleſs variety of nightingales, parrots, minos, &c. all of which are carried along with his tents.

What I have hitherto enumerated are the appendages of the Nabob perſonally; beſides which, there is a large public Bazar, or, in other words, a moving town, attends his camp, conſiſting of ſhopkeepers and artificers of all kinds, money changers, dancing women, &c. &c.; ſo that, upon the moſt moderate calculation, the number of ſouls in his camp cannot be reckoned at leſs than twenty thouſand.

There are generally about twenty or thirty of the gentlemen of his Court, who attend him on his hunting parties, and are the companions of his ſports and pleaſures. They are principally his own relations in different degrees of conſanguinity; and

ſuch

ſuch as are not related to him, are of the old reſpectable families of Hindoſtan, who either have Jaghires, or are otherwiſe ſupported by the Nabob: all of theſe are obliged to keep a ſmall eſtabliſhment of elephants for the ſake of attending the Nabob; beſides horſes, a palanquin, &c.

The Nabob, and all the gentlemen of his camp, are provided with double ſets of tents and camp equipage, which are always ſent on the day before to the place whither he intends going, which is generally about eight or ten miles in whatever direction he expects moſt game; ſo that by the time he has finiſhed his ſport in the morning, he finds the whole camp ready pitched for his reception.

His Highneſs always riſes before day-break, and after uſing the hot bath, he eats an Engliſh breakfaſt of tea and toaſt, which is generally over by the time the day is well broke. He then mounts his elephant, attended by all his houſehold and *Swary*, and preceded by ſome muſicians on horſeback, ſinging and playing on muſical inſtruments. He proceeds forwards, and is preſently

ſently joined, from the different quarters of the camp, by the gentlemen of his Court, who, having paid their reſpects, fall in upon their elephants on each ſide of, or behind, the Nabob's, ſo as to form a regular moving Court or Durbar; and in this manner they march on converſing together, and looking out for game. A great many dogs are led before, and are conſtantly picking up hares, foxes, jackalls, and ſometimes deer. The hawks are alſo carried immediately before the elephants, and are let fly at whatever game is ſprung for them, which generally conſiſts of partridges, in great numbers and varieties, quails, buſtards, and different kinds of herons, which laſt give excellent ſport with the falcons, or ſharp-winged hawks. The Nabob takes great pains in ranging the elephants in a regular line, which is very extenſive, and by proceeding in this manner no game can eſcape. The horſe are generally at a little diſtance upon the wings, but ſmall parties of three or four horſemen are placed in the intervals of, or before the elephants, in order to ride after the hawks, and aſſiſt the dogs when looſed

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at deer; or very often the horſemen run down what we call the *hog-deer*, without any dogs. Wild boars are ſometimes ſtarted, and are either ſhot or run down by the dogs and horſemen.

When intelligence is brought of a tyger, it is matter of great joy, as that is conſidered as the principal ſport, and all the reſt only occaſional to fill up the time. Preparations are inſtantly made for purſuing him, which is done by aſſembling all the elephants, with as many people as can conveniently go upon their backs, and leaving all the reſt, whether on foot, or on horſeback, behind. The elephants are then formed into a line, and proceed forward regularly; the Nabob and all his attendants having their fire-arms in readineſs. The cover, in which the tyger is moſt frequently found, is long graſs, or reeds ſo high as often to reach above the elephants, and it is very difficult to find him in ſuch a place, as he either endeavours to ſteal off, or lies ſo cloſe that he cannot be rouſed till the elephants are almoſt upon him. He then

roars and ſkulks away, but is ſhot at as ſoon as he can be ſeen; and it is generally contrived, in compliment to the Nabob, that he ſhall have the firſt ſhot at him. If he is not diſabled, he continues ſkulking away, the line of elephants following him, and the Nabob and others ſhooting at him as often as he can be ſeen, till he falls. Sometimes, when he can be traced to a particular ſpot where he couches, the elephants are formed into a circle round him, and in that caſe, when he is rouſed, he generally attacks the elephant that is neareſt to him, by ſpringing upon him with a dreadful roar, and biting at, or tearing him with his claws; but in this caſe, from his being obliged to ſhew himſelf, he is ſoon diſpatched by the number of ſhots aimed at him; for the greateſt difficulty is to rouſe him, and get a fair view of him. The elephants all this time are dreadfully frightened, ſhrieking and roaring in a manner particularly expreſſive of their fear: and this they begin as ſoon as they ſmell him, or hear him growl, and generally endeavour

to

to turn back from the place where the tyger is: ſome of them, however, but very few, are bold enough to be driven up to attack him, which they do by curling the trunk cloſe up under the mouth, and then charging the tyger with their tuſks; or they endeavour to preſs him to death by falling on him with their knees, or treading him under their feet. If one tyger is killed, it is conſidered as a good day's ſport; but ſometimes two or three are killed in one day, or even more, if they meet with a female and her cubs. The Nabob then proceeds towards his tents upon the new ground, ſo that every day is both a marching day and a day of ſport; or ſometimes he halts for a day or two upon a place that he likes, but not often. When he gets to his tents, which is generally about eleven or twelve o'clock, he dines, and goes to ſleep for an hour or two. In the afternoon he mounts his elephant again, and takes a circuit about the ſkirts of the camp, with the dogs and hawks; or ſometimes amuſes himſelf with an elephant fight, with ſhooting at a mark, or ſuch likeamuſements; and

this courſe he repeats every day infallibly during the whole of the party.

The other principal objects of the Nabob's ſport are, wild elephants, buffaloes, and rhinoceros.

I was preſent two years ago at the chace of a wild elephant of prodigious ſize and ſtrength. The plan firſt followed, was to endeavour to take him alive by the aſſiſtance of the tame elephants, who tried to ſurround him, whilſt he was kept at bay by fire-works, ſuch as crackers, porte-fires, &c. but he always got off from them, notwithſtanding the drivers upon ſome of the tame elephants got ſo near as to throw noozes of very ſtrong ropes over his head, and endeavoured to detain him by faſtening them round trees, but he ſnapped them like packthread, and held on his way towards the foreſt. The Nabob then ordered ſome of the ſtrongeſt and moſt furious of his fighting elephants to be brought up to him. As ſoon as one of them came near him, he turned and charged him with dreadful fury; ſo much ſo, that in the ſtruggle with one of them he broke one of his tuſks by the middle,

dle, and the broken piece (which was upwards of two inches in diameter, of ſolid ivory) flew up in the air ſeveral yards above their heads. Having repelled the attacks of the fighting elephants, he purſued his way with a ſlow and ſullen pace towards his cover. The Nabob then ſeeing no poſſibility of taking him alive, gave orders for killing him. An inceſſant fire from matchlocks was immediately commenced upon him from all quarters, but with little effect, for he twice turned round and charged the party. In one of theſe charges he ſtruck obliquely upon the elephant which the *Prince rode, and threw him on his ſide, but fortunately paſſed on without offering farther injury to him. The Prince, by laying hold of the Howdah, kept himſelf in his ſeat, but the ſervant he had behind, and every thing he had with him on the Howdah, was thrown off to a great diſtance. At laſt, our griſly enemy was overpowered by the

* This Prince was the Shaw Zadah, eldeſt ſon to the Great Mogul, who had at this time taken refuge with the Viſier from the perſecution of his father's miniſters.

number of bullets ſhowered upon him from all ſides, and he fell dead, after having received, as was computed, upwards of one thouſand balls in his body: he had carried us a chace of eight or ten miles after him, and afforded us ſport from morning till twelve o'clock. The following year the Nabob took fifteen wild elephants at once. They had wandered up a narrow valley in the mountains, which was terminated by inacceſſible precipices, and when they had got to the end of it, the country people threw up a ſtrong rampart of trees, ſtones, earth, &c. acroſs the valley behind them, and confined them in it. After having been much reduced by hunger, they were all taken alive, by letting in the tame elephants amongſt them.

The hunting the wild buffaloe is alſo performed by ſhooting him from elephants; but he runs ſo faſt that it is very difficult to get up with him, and as there are no dogs who will attack him, the horſemen are ſent after him to endeavour to ſtop or turn him, but they dare not venture near, as he runs

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at them, and can eaſily toſs a horſe with his horns, if he comes within his reach: but when he can by any means be retarded, ſo as to let the elephants come up, he is ſoon diſpatched by the match-lock: ſome of the buffaloes are of prodigious ſize and ſtrength, and have an uncommonly wild and furious look, and they are ſo formidable in the jungles, that it is ſaid even the largeſt royal tyger never ventures to attack them.

I have never ſeen the rhinoceros hunted, although there are many of them on the route the Nabob goes; but they generally keep to the thick foreſts where it is impoſſible to follow them. When they can be got at, they are purſued upon elephants and ſhot; but it is both more difficult and dangerous than any other ſport, for even the elephant is not ſafe againſt him; for if he charges an elephant and rips him with his horn, he generally kills him on the ſpot; and except his eyes or temples, and a ſmall part of his breaſt before the ſhoulder, he is invulnerable to the largeſt muſket ball in every other part of his body.

When the Prince is with the Nabob upon the party, the etiquette obſerved in regard to him, is this: as ſoon as the Nabob is mounted, he goes in front of the Prince's tent, and there waits till he is ready; as ſoon as his Royal Highneſs comes out of his tent, the Viſier pays his obeiſance by making his elephant kneel down, and then makes three *ſalams* to him. The Prince is then mounted upon his elephant, which is made to advance about eight or ten paces in front of the Nabob and the reſt of the party, and in that ſtation he marches on. When they arrive at the new camp, the Nabob attends him to the door of his tent, and then takes his leave; and this form he repeats regularly twice every day.

As you may be curious to know how I diſpoſe of myſelf in the party, I ſhall briefly mention it. I generally have two or three elephants of my own well caparifoned, and a double ſet of tents, one of which is always ſent on with the Nabob's, ſo that I am entirely independent in reſpect to my equipage; and as both the Perſian and Indoſtan

doſtan languages are familiar to me, I mix a good deal in converſation with the Nabob and the gentlemen about him, and conform myſelf as much as poſſible to their manners and cuſtoms; and although I am deſirous of being conſidered entirely on an equal footing with the native gentlemen about the court, yet the Viſier generally ſhews me particular marks of attention, by making me ride cloſe to himſelf.

THE

THE

CHACE.

A

POEM.

BY

WILLIAM SOMERVILE, Esq.

Nec tibi cura Canum fuerit poſtrema.
VIRG. Georg. III.

Romanis ſolenne viris opus, utile famæ,
Vitæque, & membris.
HOR. Ep. XVIII. Lib. I.

THE

PREFACE.

THE old and infirm have at leaſt this privilege, that they can recall to their minds thoſe ſcenes of joy in which they once delighted, and ruminate over their paſt pleaſures, with a ſatisfaction almoſt equal to the firſt enjoyment. For thoſe ideas, to which any agreeable ſenſation is annexed, are eaſily excited; as leaving behind them the moſt ſtrong and permanent impreſſions. The amuſements of our youth are the boaſt and comfort of our declining years. The ancients carried this notion even yet further, and ſuppoſed their heroes in the Elyſian Fields were fond of the very ſame diverſions they exerciſed on earth. Death itſelf could not wean them from the accuſtomed ſports and gayeties of life.

Pars

Pars in gramineis exercent membra palæſtris,
Contendunt ludo, & fulvâ luctantur arenâ:
Pars pedibus plaudunt choreas, & carmina dicunt.
Arma procul curruſque virûm miratur inanes.
Stant terrâ defixæ haſtæ, paſſimque ſoluti
Per campos paſcuntur equi. Quæ gratia currûm
Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes
Paſcere equos, eadem ſequitur tellure repoſtos.
VIRG. Æneid. VI.

Part on the graſſy cirque their pliant limbs
In wreſtling exerciſe, or on the ſands
Struggling diſpute the prize. Part lead the ring,
Or ſwell the chorus with alternate lays.
The chief their arms admires, their empty cars,
Their lances fix'd in earth. Th' unharneſs'd ſteeds
Graze unreſtrain'd; horſes, and cars, and arms,
All the ſame fond deſires, and pleaſing cares,
Still haunt their ſhades, and after death ſurvive.

I hope, therefore, I may be indulged (even by the more grave and cenſorious part of mankind) if, at my leiſure hours, I run over, in my elbow-chair, ſome of thoſe chaces, which were once the delight of a more vigorous age. It is an entertaining, and (as I conceive) a very innocent amuſement. The reſult of theſe rambling imaginations will be found in the following poem; which if equally diverting to my readers, as to myſelf,

myſelf, I ſhall have gained my end. I have intermixed the preceptive parts with ſo many deſcriptions and digreſſions in the Georgick manner, that I hope they will not be tedious. I am ſure they are very neceſſary to be well underſtood by any gentlemen, who would enjoy this noble ſport in full perfection. In this at leaſt I may comfort myſelf, that I cannot treſpaſs upon their patience more than Markham, Blome, and the other proſe writers upon this ſubject.

It is moſt certain, that Hunting was the exerciſe of the greateſt heroes in antiquity. By this they formed themſelves for war; and their exploits againſt wild beaſts were a prelude to their future victories. Xenophon ſays, that almoſt all the ancient heroes, Neſtor, Theſeus, Caſtor, Pollux, Ulyſſes, Diomedes, Achilles, &c. were Μαθηταὶ Κυνηγεσιῶν, diſciples of hunting; being taught carefully that art, as what would be highly ſerviceable to them in military diſcipline. Xen. Cynegetic. And Pliny obſerves, thoſe who were deſigned for great captains, were firſt taught certare cum fugacibus

fugacibus feris curſu, cum audacibus robore, cum callidis aſtu: to conteſt with the ſwifteſt wild beaſts, in ſpeed; with the boldeſt, in ſtrength; with the moſt cunning, in craft and ſubtilty. Plin. Panegyr. And the Roman Emperors, in thoſe monuments they erected to tranſmit their actions to future ages, made no ſcruple to join the glories of the chace to their moſt celebrated triumphs. Neither were their poets wanting to do juſtice to this heroick exerciſe. Beſide that of Oppian in Greek, we have ſeveral poems in Latin upon Hunting. Gratius was contemporary with Ovid; as appears by this verſe,

Aptaque venanti Gratius arma dabit.

LIB. IV. PONT.

Gratius ſhall arm the huntſman for the chace.

But of his works only ſome fragments remain. There are many others of more modern date: amongſt theſe, Nemeſianus, who ſeems very much ſuperior to Gratius, though of a more degenerate age. But only a fragment of his firſt book is preſerved. We might indeed have expected to have

ſeen

ſeen it treated more at large by Virgil in his third Georgick, ſince it is expreſsly part of his ſubject. But he has favoured us only with ten verſes; and what he ſays of dogs, relates wholly to greyhounds and maſtiffs.

Veloces Spartæ catulos, acremque moloſſum.
GEOR. III.

The greyhound ſwift, and maſtiff's furious breed.

And he directs us to feed them with butter-milk. Paſce ſero pingui. He has, it is true, touched upon the chace in the 4th and 7th books of the Æneid. But it is evident, that the art of hunting is very different now from what it was in his days, and very much altered and improved in theſe latter ages. It does not appear to me that the ancients had any notion of purſuing wild beaſts by the ſcent only, with a regular and well-diſciplined pack of hounds; and therefore they muſt have paſſed for poachers amongſt our modern ſportſmen. The muſter roll given us by Ovid, in his ſtory of Actæon, is of all ſorts of dogs, and of all countries. And the deſcription of the an-

cient hunting, as we find it in the Antiquities of Pere de Montfaucon, taken from the ſepulchre of the Naſos, and the arch of Conſtantine, has not the leaſt trace of the manner now in uſe.

Whenever the ancients mention dogs following by the ſcent, they mean no more than finding out the game by the noſe of one ſingle dog. This was as much as they knew of the odora canum vis. Thus Nemeſianus ſays,

> Odorato noſcunt veſtigia prato,
> Atque etiam leporum ſecreta cubilia monſtrant.
>
> They challenge on the mead the recent ſtains,
> And trail the hare unto her ſecret form.

Oppian has a long deſcription of theſe dogs in his firſt book from ver. 479 to 526. And here, though he ſeems to deſcribe the hunting of the hare by the ſcent through many turnings and windings, yet he really ſays no more, than that one of thoſe hounds, which he calls ἰχνευσῆτες, finds out the game. For he follows the ſcent no further than the hare's form; from whence, after he has ſtarted her, he purſues her by ſight.

ſight. I am indebted for theſe two laſt remarks to a reverend and very learned gentleman, whoſe judgment in the Belles Lettres no body diſputes, and whoſe approbation gave me the aſſurance to publiſh this poem.

Oppian alſo obſerves, that the beſt ſort of theſe finders were brought from Britain; this iſland having always been famous (as it is at this day) for the beſt breed of hounds, for perſons the beſt ſkilled in the art of hunting, and for horſes the moſt enduring to follow the chace. It is therefore ſtrange that none of our poets have yet thought it worth their while to treat of this ſubject; which is without doubt very noble in itſelf, and very well adapted to receive the moſt beautiful turns of poetry. Perhaps our poets have no great genius for hunting. Yet I hope, my brethren of the couples, by encouraging this firſt, but imperfect eſſay, will ſhew the world they have at leaſt ſome taſte for poetry.

The ancients eſteemed hunting, not only as a manly and warlike exerciſe, but as highly conducive to health. The famous

Galen recommends it above all others, as not only exerciſing the body, but giving delight and entertainment to the mind. And he calls the inventors of this art wiſe men, and well ſkilled in human nature. "Lib. "de parvæ Pilæ Exercitio."

The gentlemen, who are fond of a gingle at the cloſe of every verſe, and think no poem truly muſical but what is in rhime, will here find themſelves diſappointed. If they will be pleaſed to read over the ſhort preface before the Paradiſe Loſt, Mr. Smith's Poem in memory of his friend Mr. John Philips, and the Archbiſhop of Cambray's Letter to Monſieur Fontenelle, they may probably be of another opinion. For my own part, I ſhall not be aſhamed to follow the example of Milton, Philips, Thomſon, and all our beſt tragick writers.

Some few terms of art are diſperſed here and there; but ſuch only as are abſolutely requiſite to explain my ſubject. I hope in this the criticks will excuſe me; for I am humbly of opinion, that the affectation, and not the neceſſary uſe, is the proper object of their cenſure.

But

But I have done. I know the impatience of my brethren, when a fine day, and the concert of the kennel, invite them abroad. I ſhall therefore leave my reader to ſuch diverſon as he may find in the poem itſelf.

En age, Segnes,
Rumpe moras, vocat ingenti clamore Cithæron,
Taygetique canes, domitrixque Epidaurus equorum;
Et vox aſſenſu nemorum ingeminata remugit.
VIRG. Georg. III.

Hark away,
Caſt far behind the ling'ring cares of life.
Cithæron calls aloud, and in full cry
Thy hounds, Taygetus. Epidaurus trains
For us the gen'rous ſteed; the hunter's ſhouts,
And chearing cries, aſſenting woods return.

THE

CHACE.

BOOK THE FIRST.

ARGUMENT.

THE Subject propoſed. Addreſs to his Royal Highneſs the Prince. The Origin of Hunting. The rude and unpoliſhed Manner of the firſt Hunters. Beaſts at firſt hunted for Food and Sacrifice. The Grant made by God to Man of the Beaſts, &c. The regular Manner of Hunting firſt brought into this Iſland by the Normans. The beſt Hounds and beſt Horſes bred here. The Advantage of this Exerciſe to us, as Iſlanders. Addreſs to Gentlemen of Eſtates. Situation of the Kennel and its ſeveral Courts. The Diverſion and Employment of Hounds in the Kennel. The different Sorts of Hounds for each different Chace. Deſcription of a perfect Hound. Of ſizing and ſorting of Hounds; the middle-ſized Hound recommended. Of the large deep-mouthed Hound for hunting the Stag and Otter. Of the Lime Hound; their Uſe on the Borders of England and Scotland. A phyſical Account of Scents. Of good and bad ſcenting Days. A ſhort Admonition to my Brethren of the Couples.

THE chace I ſing, hounds, and their various breed,
And no leſs various uſe. O thou great prince!
Whom Cambria's tow'ring hills proclaim their lord,
Deign thou to hear my bold, inſtructive ſong.

While grateful citizens, with pompous ſhew,
Rear the triumphal arch, rich with th' exploits
Of thy illuſtrious houſe; while virgins pave
Thy way with flow'rs, and, as the royal youth
Paſſing they view, admire, and ſigh in vain;
While crowded theatres, too fondly proud
Of their exotic minſtrels, and ſhrill pipes,
The price of manhood, hail thee with a ſong,
And airs ſoft-warbling; my hoarſe-ſounding horn
Invites thee to the chace, the ſport of kings;
Image of war, without its guilt. The Muſe
Aloft on wing ſhall ſoar, conduct with care
Thy foaming courſer o'er the ſteepy rock,
Or on the river bank receive thee ſafe,
Light-bounding o'er the wave, from ſhore to ſhore.
Be thou our great protector, gracious youth!
And if, in future times, ſome envious prince,
Careleſs of right and guileful, ſhould invade
Thy Britain's commerce, or ſhould ſtrive in vain
To wreſt the balance from thy equal hand;
Thy hunter-train, in chearful green array'd,
(A band undaunted, and inur'd to toils,)
Shall compaſs thee around, dye at thy feet,
Or hew thy paſſage thro' th' embattled foe,
And clear thy way to fame; inſpir'd by thee,
The nobler chace of glory ſhall purſue
Thro' fire, and ſmoke, and blood, and fields of death.
Nature, in her productions ſlow, aſpires
By juſt degrees to reach perfection's height:

So

So mimick art works leiſurely, till time
Improve the piece, or wiſe experience give
The proper finiſhing. When Nimrod bold,
That mighty hunter, firſt made war on beaſts,
And ſtain'd the wood-land green with purple dye,
New, and unpoliſh'd was the huntſman's art;
No ſtated rule, his wanton will his guide.
With clubs and ſtones, rude implements of war,
He arm'd his ſavage bands, a multitude
Untrain'd; of twining oſiers form'd, they pitch
Their artleſs toils, then range the deſert hills,
And ſcow'r the plains below: the trembling herd
Start at th' unuſual ſound, and clam'rous ſhout
Unheard before; ſurpriz'd, alas! to find
Man now their foe, whom erſt they deem'd their lord,
But mild, and gentle, and by whom as yet
Secure they graz'd. Death ſtretches o'er the plain
Wide-waſting, and grim ſlaughter red with blood:
Urg'd on by hunger keen, they wound, they kill,
Their rage licentious knows no bound; at laſt
Incumber'd with their ſpoils, joyful they bear
Upon their ſhoulders broad the bleeding prey.
Part on their altars ſmokes a ſacrifice
To that all-gracious Pow'r, whoſe bounteous hand
Supports his wide Creation; what remains
On living coals they broil, inelegant
Of taſte, nor ſkill'd as yet in nicer arts
Of pamper'd luxury. Devotion pure,
And ſtrong neceſſity, thus firſt began

The

The chace of beaſts: tho' bloody was the deed,
Yet without guilt. For, the green herb alone
Unequal to ſuſtain man's lab'ring race,
* Now ev'ry moving thing that liv'd on earth
Was granted him for food. So juſt is Heav'n
To give us in proportion to our wants.
Or chance or induſtry in after-times
Some few improvements made, but ſhort as yet
Of due perfection. In this iſle remote
Our painted anceſtors were ſlow to learn,
To arms devote, in the politer arts
Nor ſkill'd nor ſtudious; till from Neuſtria's coaſts
Victorious William to more decent rules
Subdu'd our Saxon fathers, taught to ſpeak
The proper dialect, with horn and voice
To chear the buſy hound, whoſe well-known cry
His liſt'ning peers approve with joint acclaim.
From him ſucceſſive huntſmen learn'd to join,
In bloody ſocial leagues, the multitude
Diſpers'd, to ſize, to ſort their various tribes,
To rear, feed, hunt, and diſcipline the pack.
Hail, happy Britain! highly favour'd iſle,
And Heav'n's peculiar care! To thee 'tis giv'n
To train the ſprightly ſteed, more fleet than thoſe
Begot by winds, or the celeſtial breed
That bore the great Pelides thro' the preſs
Of heroes arm'd, and broke their crowded ranks;

* Gen. chap. ix. ver. 3.

Which,

Which, proudly neighing, with the ſun begins
Chearful his courſe, and ere his beams decline
Has meaſured half thy ſurface unfatigued.
In thee alone, fair land of liberty!
Is bred the perfect hound, in ſcent and ſpeed
As yet unrival'd, while in other climes
Their virtue fails, a weak degen'rate race.
In vain malignant ſteams and winter fogs
Load the dull air, and hover round our coaſts;
The huntſman, ever gay, robuſt, and bold,
Defies the noxious vapour, and confides
In this delightful exerciſe, to raiſe
His drooping head, and chear his heart with joy.
Ye vig'rous youths, by ſmiling fortune bleſt
With large demeſnes, hereditary wealth,
Heap'd copious by your wiſe fore-fathers care,
Hear and attend! while I the means reveal
T'enjoy thoſe pleaſures, for the weak too ſtrong,
Too coſtly for the poor; to rein the ſteed
Swift-ſtretching o'er the plain; to chear the pack
Op'ning in concerts of harmonious joy,
But breathing death. What, tho' the gripe ſevere
Of brazen-fiſted Time, and ſlow diſeaſe
Creeping thro' ev'ry vein, and nerve unſtrung,
Afflict my ſhatter'd frame, undaunted ſtill,
Fix'd as a mountain aſh, that braves the bolts
Of angry Jove; tho' blaſted, yet unfallen;
Still can my ſoul in fancy's mirror view
Deeds glorious once, recal the joyous ſcene

In

In all its ſplendors deck'd, o'er the full bowl
Recount my triumphs paſt, urge others on
With hand and voice, and point the winding way;
Pleas'd with that ſocial ſweet garrulity,
The poor disbanded vet'ran's ſole delight.
Firſt let the kennel be the huntſman's care,
Upon ſome little eminence erect,
And fronting to the ruddy dawn; its courts
On either hand wide op'ning to receive
The ſun's all-chearing beams, when mild he ſhines,
And gilds the mountain tops. For much the pack
(Rous'd from their dark alcoves) delight to ſtretch,
And baſk, in his invigorating ray:
Warn'd by the ſtreaming light and merry lark,
Forth ruſh the jolly clan; with tuneful throats
They carol loud, and in grand chorus join'd
Salute the new-born day. For not alone
The vegetable world, but men and brutes
Own his reviving influence, and joy
At his approach. Fountain of light! if chance
Some envious cloud veil thy refulgent brow,
In vain the Muſes aid; untouch'd, unſtrung,
Lies my mute harp, and thy deſponding bard
Sits darkly muſing o'er th' unfiniſh'd lay.
Let no Corinthian pillars prop the dome,
A vain expence, on charitable deeds
Better diſpos'd, to cloath the tatter'd wretch
Who ſhrinks beneath the blaſt, to feed the poor
Pinch'd with afflictive want: for uſe, not ſtate,

Gracefully

Gracefully plain, let each apartment riſe.
O'er all let cleanlineſs preſide, no ſcraps
Beſtrew the pavement, and no half-pick'd bones,
To kindle fierce debate, or to diſguſt
That nicer ſenſe, on which the ſportſman's hope
And all his future triumphs muſt depend.
Soon as the growling pack with eager joy
Have lapp'd their ſmoking viands, morn or eve,
From the full ciſtern lead the ductile ſtreams,
To waſh thy court well-pav'd; nor ſpare thy pains,
For much to health will cleanlineſs avail.
Seek'ſt thou for hounds to climb the rocky ſteep,
And bruſh th' entangled covert, whoſe nice ſcent
O'er greaſy fallows and frequented roads
Can pick the dubious way? Baniſh far off
Each noiſome ſtench, let no offenſive ſmell
Invade thy wide incloſure, but admit
The nitrous air and purifying breeze.
Water and ſhade no leſs demand thy care:
In a large ſquare th' adjacent field incloſe,
There plant in equal ranks the ſpreading elm,
Or fragrant lime; moſt happy thy deſign,
If, at the bottom of thy ſpacious court,
A large canal, fed by the cryſtal brook,
From its tranſparent boſom ſhall reflect
Thy downward ſtructure and inverted grove.
Here, when the ſun's too potent gleams annoy
The crowded kennel, and the drooping pack,
Reſtleſs and faint, loll their unmoiſten'd tongues,

And

And drop their feeble tails, to cooler ſhades
Lead forth the panting tribe ; ſoon ſhalt thou find
The cordial breeze their fainting hearts revive :
Tumultuous ſoon they plunge into the ſtream,
There lave their reeking ſides, with greedy joy
Gulp down the flying wave, this way and that
From ſhore to ſhore they ſwim, while clamour loud
And wild uproar torments the troubled flood :
Then on the ſunny bank they roll and ſtretch
Their dripping limbs, or elſe in wanton rings
Courſing around, purſuing and purſued,
The merry multitude diſporting play.

But here with watchful and obſervant eye
Attend their frolicks, which too often end
In bloody broils and death. High o'er thy head
Wave thy reſounding whip, and with a voice
Fierce-menacing o'er-rule the ſtern debate,
And quench their kindling rage ; for oft in ſport
Begun, combat enſues, growling they ſnarl,
Then, on their haunches rear'd, rampant they ſeize
Each other's throats, with teeth and claws, in gore
Beſmear'd, they wound, they tear, till on the ground,
Panting, half dead the conquer'd champion lies:
Then ſudden all the baſe, ignoble crowd
Loud-clam'ring ſeize the helpleſs worried wretch,
And, thirſting for his blood, drag diff'rent ways
His mangled carcaſs on th' enſanguin'd plain.
O ! breaſts of pity void ! t' oppreſs the weak,
To point your vengeance at the friendleſs head,

And

And with one mutual cry inſult the fallen!
Emblem too juſt of man's degen'rate race.
Others apart by native inſtinct led,
Knowing inſtructor! 'mong the ranker graſs
Cull each ſalubrious plant, with bitter juice
Concoctive ſtor'd, and potent to allay
Each vitious ferment. Thus the hand divine
Of Providence, beneficent and kind
To all his creatures, for the brutes preſcribes
A ready remedy, and is himſelf
Their great phyſician. Now grown ſtiff with age,
And many a painful chace, the wiſe old hound,
Regardleſs of the frolick pack, attends
His maſter's ſide, or ſlumbers at his eaſe
Beneath the bending ſhade; there many a ring
Runs o'er in dreams; now on the doubtful foil
Puzzles perplex'd, or doubles intricate
Cautious unfolds; then, wing'd with all his ſpeed,
Bounds o'er the lawn to ſeize his panting prey,
And in imperfect whimp'rings ſpeaks his joy.
A diff'rent hound for ev'ry diff'rent chace
Select with judgment; nor the tim'rous hare
O'er-match'd deſtroy, but leave that vile offence
To the mean, murd'rous courſing crew, intent
On blood and ſpoil. O blaſt their hopes, juſt Heav'n!
And all their painful drudgeries repay
With diſappointment and ſevere remorſe.
But huſband thou thy pleaſures, and give ſcope
To all her ſubtle play: by nature led,

A thou-

A thouſand ſhifts ſhe tries; t' unravel theſe
Th' induſtrious beagle twiſts his waving tail,
Thro' all her labyrinths purſues, and rings
Her doleful knell. See there with count'nance blithe,
And with a courtly grin, the fawning hound
Salutes thee cow'ring, his wide op'ning noſe
Upward he curls, and his large ſloe-black eyes
Melt in ſoft blandiſhments and humble joy;
His gloſſy ſkin, or yellow-pied, or blue,
In lights or ſhades by nature's pencil drawn,
Reflects the various tints; his ears and legs,
Fleckt here and there, in gay enamel'd pride,
Rival the ſpeckled pard; his ruſh-grown tail
O'er his broad back bends in an ample arch;
On ſhoulders clean, upright and firm he ſtands;
His round cat foot, ſtrait hams, and wide-ſpread thighs,
And his low-dropping cheſt, confeſs his ſpeed,
His ſtrength, his wind, or on the ſteepy hill,
Or far extended plain; in ev'ry part
So well proportion'd, that the nicer ſkill
Of Phidias himſelf can't blame thy choice.
Of ſuch compoſe thy pack. But here a mean
Obſerve, nor the large hound prefer, of ſize
Gigantick; he in the thick-woven covert
Painfully tugs, or in the thorny brake
Torn and embarraſs'd bleeds: but if too ſmall,
The pigmy brood in ev'ry furrow ſwims;
Moil'd in the clogging clay, panting they lag
Behind inglorious; or elſe ſhivering creep

Benumb'd

Benumb'd and faint beneath the ſhelt'ring thorn.
For hounds of middle ſize, active and ſtrong,
Will better anſwer all thy various ends,
And crown thy pleaſing labours with ſucceſs.
As ſome brave captain, curious and exact,
By his fix'd ſtandard forms in equal ranks
His gay battalion, as one man they move
Step after ſtep, their ſize the ſame, their arms
Far-gleaming, dart the ſame united blaze:
Reviewing generals his merit own;
How regular! How juſt! And all his cares
Are well repaid, if mighty GEORGE approve.
So model thou thy pack, if honour touch
Thy gen'rous ſoul, and the world's juſt applauſe.
But above all take heed, nor mix thy hounds
Of diff'rent kinds; diſcordant ſounds ſhall grate
Thy ears offended, and a lagging line
Of babbling curs diſgrace thy broken pack.
But if th' amphibious otter be thy chace,
Or ſtately ſtag, that o'er the woodland reigns;
Or if th' harmonious thunder of the field
Delight thy raviſh'd ears; the deep-flew'd hound
Breed up with care, ſtrong, heavy, ſlow, but ſure;
Whoſe ears down-hanging from his thick round head
Shall ſweep the morning dew, whoſe clanging voice
Awake the mountain echo in her cell,
And ſhake the foreſts: the bold talbot kind
Of theſe the prime, as white as Alpine ſnows;
And great their uſe of old. Upon the banks

Of Tweed, ſlow-winding thro' the vale, the ſeat
Of war and rapine once, ere Britons knew
The ſweets of peace, or Anna's dread commands
To laſting leagues the haughty rivals aw'd,
There dwelt a pilf'ring race; well train'd and ſkill'd
In all the myſteries of theft, the ſpoil
Their only ſubſtance, feuds and war their ſport:
Not more expert in ev'ry fraudful art
Th' arch * felon was of old, who by the tail
Drew back his lowing prize: in vain his wiles,
In vain the ſhelter of the cov'ring rock,
In vain the ſooty cloud, and ruddy flames
That iſſu'd from his mouth; for ſoon he paid
His forfeit life: a debt how juſtly due
To wrong'd Alcides, and avenging Heav'n!
Veil'd in the ſhades of night, they ford the ſtream,
Then prowling far and near, whate'er they ſeize
Becomes their prey; nor flocks nor herds are ſafe,
Nor ſtalls protect the ſteer, nor ſtrong barr'd doors
Secure the fav'rite horſe. Soon as the morn
Reveals his wrongs, with ghaſtly viſage wan
The plunder'd owner ſtands, and from his lips
A thouſand thronging curſes burſt their way:
He calls his ſtout allies, and in a line
His faithful hound he leads, then with a voice
That utters loud his rage, attentive chears:
Soon the ſagacious brute, his curling tail

* Cacus, Virg. Æn. lib. viii.

Flouriſh'd

Flouriſh'd in air, low-bending plies around
His buſy noſe, the ſteaming vapour ſnuffs
Inquiſitive, nor leaves one turf untried,
Till, conſcious of the recent ſtains, his heart
Beats quick; his ſnuffling noſe, his active tail,
Atteſt his joy; then with deep-op'ning mouth,
That makes the welkin tremble, he proclaims
Th' audacious felon; foot by foot he marks
His winding way, while all the liſt'ning crowd
Applaud his reas'nings: o'er the wat'ry ford,
Dry ſandy heaths, and ſtony barren hills,
O'er beaten paths, with men and beaſts diſtain'd,
Unerring he purſues, till, at the cot
Arriv'd, and ſeizing by his guilty throat
The caitif vile, redeems the captive prey:
So exquiſitely delicate his ſenſe!

Shou'd ſome more curious ſportſman here enquire,
Whence this ſagacity, this wond'rous pow'r
Of tracing, ſtep by ſtep, or man or brute?
What guide inviſible points out their way
O'er the dank marſh, bleak hill, and ſandy plain?
The courteous Muſe ſhall the dark cauſe reveal.
The blood that from the heart inceſſant rolls
In many a crimſon tide, then here and there
In ſmaller rills diſparted, as it flows
Propell'd, the ſerous particles evade
Thro' th' open pores, and with the ambient air
Entangling mix. As fuming vapours riſe,
And hang upon the gently purling brook,

There by th' incumbent atmoſphere compreſs'd.
The panting chace grows warmer as he flies,
And thro' the net-work of the ſkin perſpires;
Leaves a long-ſtreaming trail behind, which by
The cooler air condens'd, remains, unleſs
By ſome rude ſtorm diſpers'd, or rarified
By the meridian ſun's intenſer heat.
To ev'ry ſhrub the warm effluvia cling,
Hang on the graſs, impregnate earth and ſkies.
With noſtrils op'ning wide, o'er hill, o'er dale,
The vig'rous hounds purſue, with ev'ry breath
Inhale the grateful ſteam, quick pleaſures ſting
Their tingling nerves, while they their thanks repay,
And in triumphant melody confeſs
The titillating joy. Thus on the air
Depend the hunter's hopes. When ruddy ſtreaks
At eve forebode a bluſt'ring ſtormy day,
Or low'ring clouds blacken the mountain's brow,
When nipping froſts, and the keen biting blaſts
Of the dry parching Eaſt, menace the trees
With tender bloſſoms teeming, kindly ſpare
Thy ſleeping pack, in their warm beds of ſtraw
Low-ſinking at their eaſe; liſtleſs they ſhrink
Into ſome dark receſs, nor hear thy voice
Tho' oft invok'd; or haply if thy call
Rouſe up the ſlumb'ring tribe, with heavy eyes
Glaz'd, lifeleſs, dull, downward they drop their tails
Inverted; high on their bent backs erect
Their pointed briſtles ſtare, or 'mong the tufts

Of

Of ranker weeds, each ſtomach-healing plant
Curious they crop, ſick, ſpiritleſs, forlorn.
Theſe inauſpicious days, on other cares
Employ thy precious hours, th' improving friend
With open arms embrace, and from his lips
Glean ſcience, ſeaſon'd with good-natur'd wit.
But if th' inclement ſkies and angry Jove
Forbid the pleaſing intercourſe, thy books
Invite thy ready hand, each ſacred page
Rich with the wiſe remarks of heroes old:
Converſe familiar with th' illuſtrious dead;
With great examples of old Greece or Rome
Enlarge thy free-born heart, and bleſs kind Heav'n,
That Britain yet enjoys dear liberty,
That balm of life, that ſweeteſt bleſſing, cheap
Tho' purchas'd with our blood. Well-bred, polite,
Credit thy calling. See! how mean, how low,
The bookleſs ſaunt'ring youth, proud of the ſkut
That dignifies his cap, his flouriſh'd belt,
And ruſty couples gingling by his ſide.
Be thou of other mould; and know that ſuch
Tranſporting pleaſures were by Heav'n ordain'd
Wiſdom's relief, and virtue's great reward.

BOOK THE SECOND.

ARGUMENT.

OF the Power of Inſtinct in Brutes. Two remarkable Inſtances in the Hunting of the Roe-buck, and in the Hare going to Seat in the Morning. Of the Variety of Seats or Forms of the Hare, according to the Change of the Seaſon, Weather, or Wind. Deſcription of the Hare-hunting in all its Parts, interſperſed with Rules to be obſerved by thoſe who follow that Chace. Tranſition to the Aſiatic Way of Hunting, particularly the magnificent Manner of the Great Mogul, and other Tartarian Princes, taken from Monſieur Bernier, and the Hiſtory of Gengiſkan the Great. Concludes with a ſhort Reproof of Tyrants and Oppreſſors of Mankind.

NOR will it leſs delight th' attentive ſage
T' obſerve that inſtinct, which unerring guides
The brutal race, which mimics reaſon's lore
And oft tranſcends. Heav'n-taught, the roe-buck ſwift
Loiters at eaſe before the driving pack,
And mocks their vain purſuit; nor far he flies
But checks his ardour, till the ſteaming ſcent,
That freſhens on the blade, provokes their rage.
Urg'd to their ſpeed, his weak deluded foes
Soon flag fatigued; ſtrain'd to exceſs each nerve,
Each ſlacken'd ſinew fails; they pant, they foam;
Then

Then o'er the lawn he bounds, o'er the high hills
Stretches ſecure, and leaves the ſcatter'd crowd
To puzzle in the diſtant vale below.
'Tis inſtinct that directs the jealous hare
To chuſe her ſoft abode: with ſtep revers'd
She forms the doubling maze; then, ere the morn
Peeps thro' the clouds, leaps to her cloſe receſs.
As wand'ring ſhepherds on th' Arabian plains
No ſettled reſidence obſerve, but ſhift
Their moving camp; now, on ſome cooler hill
With cedars crown'd, court the refreſhing breeze;
And then, below where trickling ſtreams diſtill
From ſome penurious ſource, their thirſt allay,
And feed their fainting flocks: ſo the wiſe hares
Oft quit their ſeats, leſt ſome more curious eye
Shou'd mark their haunts, and by dark treach'rous wiles
Plot their deſtruction; or perchance in hopes
Of plenteous forage, near the ranker mead,
Or matted blade, wary, and cloſe they ſit.
When ſpring ſhines forth, ſeaſon of love and joy,
In the moiſt marſh, 'mong beds of ruſhes hid,
They cool their boiling blood: when ſummer ſuns
Bake the cleft earth, to thick wide-waving fields
Of corn full-grown they lead their helpleſs young:
But when autumnal torrents and fierce rains
Deluge the vale, in the dry crumbling bank
Their forms they delve, and cautiouſly avoid
The dripping covert: yet when winter's cold

Their limbs benumbs, thither with ſpeed return'd,
In the long graſs they ſkulk, or ſhrinking creep
Among the wither'd leaves: thus changing ſtill
As fancy prompts them, or as food invites.
But ev'ry ſeaſon carefully obſerv'd,
Th' inconſtant winds, the fickle element,
The wiſe experienc'd huntſman ſoon may find
His ſubtle, various game, nor waſte in vain
His tedious hours, till his impatient hounds,
With diſappointment vex'd, each ſpringing lark
Babbling purſue, far ſcatter'd o'er the fields.
Now golden autumn from her open lap
Her fragrant bounties ſhow'rs; the fields are ſhorn;
Inwardly ſmiling, the proud farmer views
The riſing pyramids that grace his yard,
And counts his large increaſe; his barns are ſtor'd,
And groaning ſtaddles bend beneath their load.
All now is free as air, and the gay pack
In the rough briſtly ſtubbles range unblam'd;
No widow's tears o'erflow, no ſecret curſe
Swells in the farmer's breaſt, which his pale lips
Trembling conceal, by his fierce landlord aw'd:
But courteous now he levels ev'ry fence,
Joins in the common cry, and hollows loud,
Charm'd with the rattling thunder of the field.
Oh bear me, ſome kind pow'r inviſible!
To that extended lawn, where the gay court
View the ſwift racers, ſtretching to the goal;
Games more renown'd, and a far nobler train,

Than

Than proud Elean fields could boaſt of old.
Oh! were a Theban lyre not wanting here,
And Pindar's voice, to do their merit right!
Or to thoſe ſpacious plains, where the ſtrain'd eye,
In the wide proſpect loſt, beholds at laſt
Sarum's proud ſpire, that o'er the hills aſcends,
And pierces thro' the clouds. Or to thy downs,
Fair Cotſwold, where the well-breath'd beagle climbs,
With matchleſs ſpeed, thy green aſpiring brow,
And leaves the lagging multitude behind.

Hail, gentle dawn! Mild bluſhing goddeſs, hail!
Rejoic'd I ſee thy purple mantle ſpread
O'er half the ſkies, gems pave thy radiant way,
And orient pearls from ev'ry ſhrub depend.
Farewel, Cleora, here deep ſunk in down
Slumber ſecure, with happy dreams amus'd,
Till grateful ſteams ſhall tempt thee to receive
Thy early meal, or thy officious maids,
The toilet plac'd, ſhall urge thee to perform
Th' important work. Me other joys invite,
The horn ſonorous calls, the pack awak'd
Their mattins chant, nor brook my long delay:
My courſer hears their voice; ſee there with ears
And tail erect, neighing he paws the ground;
Fierce rapture kindles in his redd'ning eyes,
And boils in ev'ry vain! As captive boys,
Cow'd by the ruling rod, and haughty frowns
Of pedagogues ſevere, from their hard taſks
If once diſmiſs'd, no limits can contain,

The

The tumult rais'd within their little breaſts,
But give a looſe to all their frolick play:
So from their kennel ruſh the joyous pack;
A thouſand wanton gayeties expreſs
Their inward extaſy, their pleaſing ſport
Once more indulg'd, and liberty reſtor'd.
The riſing ſun that o'er th' horizon peeps,
As many colours from their gloſſy ſkins
Beaming reflects, as paint the various bow
When April ſhow'rs deſcend. Delightful ſcene!
Where all around is gay, men, horſes, dogs,
And in each ſmiling countenance apppears
Freſh-blooming health, and univerſal joy.

Huntſman, lead on! behind the cluſt'ring pack
Submiſs attend, hear with reſpect thy whip
Loud-clanging, and thy harſher voice obey:
Spare not the ſtraggling cur, that wildly roves,
But let thy briſk aſſiſtant on his back
Imprint thy juſt reſentments, let each laſh
Bite to the quick, till howling he return
And whining creep amid the trembling crowd.

Here on this verdant ſpot, where nature kind
With double bleſſings crowns the farmer's hopes;
Where flow'rs autumnal ſpring, and the rank mead
Affords the wand'ring hares a rich repaſt;
Throw off thy ready pack. See, where they ſpread
And range around, and daſh the glitt'ring dew.
If ſome ſtanch hound, with his authentic voice,
Avow the recent trail, the juſtling tribe

Attend

Attend his call, then with one mutual cry
The welcome news confirm, and echoing hills
Repeat the pleaſing tale. See how they thread
The brakes, and up yon furrow drive along!
But quick they back recoil, and wiſely check
Their eager haſte; then o'er the fallow'd ground
How leiſurely they work, and many a pauſe
Th' harmonious concert breaks; till more aſſur'd
With joy redoubled the low vallies ring.
What artful labyrinths perplex their way!
Ah! there ſhe lies; how cloſe! ſhe pants, ſhe doubts
If now ſhe lives; ſhe trembles as ſhe ſits,
With horror ſeiz'd. The wither'd graſs that clings
Around her head, of the ſame ruſſet hue,
Almoſt deceiv'd my ſight, had not her eyes
With life full-beaming her vain wiles betray'd.
At diſtance draw thy pack, let all be huſh'd,
No clamour loud, no frantic joy be heard,
Leſt the wild hound run gadding o'er the plain
Untractable, nor hear thy chiding voice.
Now gently put her off; ſee how direct
To her known muſe ſhe flies! Here, huntſman, bring
(But without hurry) all thy jolly hounds,
And calmly lay them in. How low they ſtoop,
And ſeem to plough the ground; then all at once
With greedy noſtrils ſnuff the fuming ſteam
That glads their flutt'ring hearts. As winds let looſe
From the dark caverns of the bluſt'ring god,
They burſt away, and ſweep the dewy lawn.

Hope

Hope gives them wings, while ſhe's ſpurr'd on by fear.
The welkin rings, men, dogs, hills, rocks, and woods,
In the full concert join. Now, my brave youths,
Stripp'd for the chace, give all your ſouls to joy!
See how their courſers, than the mountain roe
More fleet, the verdant carpet ſkim, thick clouds
Snorting they breathe, their ſhining hoofs ſcarce print
The graſs unbruis'd; with emulation fir'd,
They ſtrain to lead the field, top the barr'd gate,
O'er the deep ditch exulting bound, and bruſh
The thorny-twining hedge: the riders bend
O'er their arch'd necks; with ſteady hands by turns
Indulge their ſpeed, or moderate their rage.
Where are their ſorrows, diſappointments, wrongs,
Vexations, ſickneſs, cares? All, all are gone,
And with the panting winds lag far behind.

Huntſman! her gait obſerve; if in wide rings
She wheel her mazy way, in the ſame round
Perſiſting ſtill, ſhe'll foil the beaten track.
But if ſhe fly, and with the fav'ring wind
Urge her bold courſe, leſs intricate thy taſk:
Puſh on thy pack. Like ſome poor exil'd wretch,
The frighted chace leaves her late dear abodes,
O'er plains remote ſhe ſtretches far away,
Ah! never to return! For greedy death
Hov'ring exults, ſecure to ſeize his prey.

Hark! from yon covert, where thoſe tow'ring oaks
Above the humble copſe aſpiring riſe,
What glorious triumphs burſt in ev'ry gale

Upon

Upon our raviſh'd ears! The hunters ſhout,
The clanging horns ſwell their ſweet-winding notes,
The pack wide-op'ning load the trembling air
With various melody; from tree to tree
The propagated cry redoubling bounds,
And winged zephyrs waft the floating joy
Thro' all the regions near. Afflictive birch
No more the ſchool-boy dreads; his priſon broke,
Scamp'ring he flies, nor heeds his maſter's call;
The weary traveller forgets his road,
And climbs th' adjacent hill; the ploughman leaves
Th' unfiniſh'd furrow; nor his bleating flocks
Are now the ſhepherd's joy; men, boys, and girls,
Deſert th' unpeopled village; and wild crowds
Spread o'er the plain, by the ſweet frenzy ſeiz'd.
Look, how ſhe pants! and o'er yon op'ning glade
Slips glancing by; while, at the further end,
The puzzling pack unravel, wile by wile,
Maze within maze. The covert's utmoſt bound
Slyly ſhe ſkirts; behind them cautious creeps,
And in that very track, ſo lately ſtain'd
By all the ſteaming crowd, ſeems to purſue
The foes ſhe flies. Let cavillers deny
That brutes have reaſon; ſure 'tis ſomething more,
'Tis Heav'n directs, and ſtratagems inſpires,
Beyond the ſhort extent of human thought.
But hold——I ſee her from the covert break;
Sad on yon little eminence ſhe ſits;
Intent ſhe liſtens with one ear erect,

Pond'ring,

Pond'ring, and doubtful what new courſe to take,
And how t'eſcape the fierce blood-thirſty crew,
That ſtill urge on, and ſtill in vollies loud
Inſult her woes, and mock her ſore diſtreſs.
As now in louder peals the loaded winds
Bring on the gathering ſtorm, her fears prevail,
And o'er the plain, and o'er the mountain's ridge,
Away ſhe flies; nor ſhips with wind and tide,
And all their canvas wings, ſkud half ſo faſt.
Once more, ye jovial train, your courage try,
And each clean courſer's ſpeed. We ſcour along,
In pleaſing hurry and confuſion toſt;
Oblivion to be wiſh'd. The patient pack
Hang on the ſcent unwearied, up they climb,
And ardent we purſue; our lab'ring ſteeds
We preſs, we gore; till once the ſummit gain'd,
Painfully panting, there we breathe awhile;
Then like a foaming torrent, pouring down
Precipitant, we ſmoke along the vale.
Happy the man, who with unrival'd ſpeed
Can paſs his fellows, and with pleaſure view
The ſtruggling pack; how in the rapid courſe
Alternate they preſide, and juſtling puſh
To guide the dubious ſcent; how giddy youth
Oft babbling errs, by wiſer age reprov'd;
How, niggard of his ſtrength, the wiſe old hound
Hangs in the rear, till ſome important point
Rouſe all his diligence, or till the chace
Sinking he finds; then to the head he ſprings

With

With thirſt of glory fir'd, and wins the prize.
Huntſman, take heed ; they ſtop in full career.
Yon crowding flocks, that at a diſtance gaze,
Have haply foil'd the turf. See ! that old hound,
How buſily he works, but dares not truſt
His doubtful ſenſe ; draw yet a wider ring.
Hark ! now again the chorus fills : as bells
Sallied a while at once their peal renew,
And high in air the tuneful thunder rolls.
See, how they toſs, with animated rage
Recov'ring all they loſt !—That eager haſte
Some doubling wile foreſhews—Ah ! yet once more
They're check'd--hold back with ſpeed--on either hand
They flouriſh round—ev'n yet perſiſt—'Tis right,
Away they ſpring ; the ruſtling ſtubbles bend
Beneath the driving ſtorm. Now the poor chace
Begins to flag, to her laſt ſhifts reduc'd.
From brake to brake ſhe flies, and viſits all
Her well-known haunts, where once ſhe rang'd ſecure,
With love and plenty bleſt. See ! there ſhe goes,
She reels along, and by her gate betrays
Her inward weakneſs. See, how black ſhe looks !
The ſweat that clogs th' obſtructed pores, ſcarce leaves
A languid ſcent. And now in open view
See, ſee, ſhe flies ! each eager hound exerts
His utmoſt ſpeed, and ſtretches ev'ry nerve.
How quick ſhe turns ! their gaping jaws eludes,
And yet a moment lives ; till round inclos'd
By all the greedy pack, with infant ſcreams

She yields her breath, and there reluctant dies.
So when the furious Bacchanals assail'd
Threician Orpheus, poor ill-fated bard!
Loud was the cry, hills, woods, and Hebrus' banks,
Return'd their clam'rous rage; distress'd he flies,
Shifting from place to place, but flies in vain;
For eager they pursue, till panting, faint,
By noisy multitudes o'erpower'd, he sinks,
To the relentless crowd a bleeding prey.

The huntsman now, a deep incision made,
Shakes out with hands impure, and dashes down
Her reeking entrails and yet quiv'ring heart:
These claim the pack, the bloody perquisite
For all their toils. Stretch'd on the ground she lies,
A mangled coarse; in her dim glaring eyes
Cold death exults, and stiffens ev'ry limb.
Aw'd by the threat'ning whip, the furious hounds
Around her bay; or at their master's foot,
Each happy fav'rite courts his kind applause,
With humble adulation cow'ring low.
All now is joy. With cheeks full-blown they wind
Her solemn dirge, while the loud-op'ning pack
The concert swell, and hills and dales return
The sadly-pleasing sounds. Thus the poor hare,
A puny, dastard animal, but vers'd
In subtle wiles, diverts the youthful train.
But if thy proud, aspiring soul disdains
So mean a prey, delighted with the pomp,
Magnificence and grandeur of the chace,
Hear what the Muse from faithful records sings.

Why

Why on the banks of Gemna, Indian ſtream,
Line within line, riſe the pavilions proud,
Their ſilken ſtreamers waving in the wind?
Why neighs the warrior horſe? From tent to tent,
Why preſs in crowds the buzzing multitude?
Why ſhines the poliſh'd helm, and pointed lance,
This way and that far-beaming o'er the plain?
Nor Viſapour nor Golconda rebel;
Nor the great Sophi, with his num'rous hoſt,
Lays waſte the provinces; nor glory fires
To rob, and to deſtroy, beneath the name
And ſpacious guiſe of war. A nobler cauſe
Calls Aurengzebe to arms. No cities ſack'd,
No mothers tears, no helpleſs orphans cries,
No violated leagues, with ſharp remorſe
Shall ſting the conſcious victor; but mankind
Shall hail him good and juſt. For 'tis on beaſts
He draws his vengeful ſword; on beaſts of prey
Full-fed with human gore. See, ſee, he comes!
Imperial Dehli, op'ning wide her gates,
Pours out her thronging legions, bright in arms,
And all the pomp of war. Before them ſound
Clarions and trumpets, breathing martial airs,
And bold defiance. High upon his throne,
Borne on the back of his proud elephant,
Sits the great chief of Tamur's glorious race:
Sublime he ſits, amid the radiant blaze
Of gems and gold. Omrahs about him crowd,
And rein th' Arabian ſteed, and watch his nod:

And potent Rajahs, who themſelves preſide
O'er realms of wide extent; but here ſubmiſs
Their homage pay, alternate kings and ſlaves.
Next theſe, with prying eunuchs girt around,
The fair Sultanas of his court; a troop
Of choſen beauties, but with care conceal'd
From each intruſive eye; one look is death.
Ah, cruel Eaſtern law! (had kings a pow'r
But equal to their wild tyrannic will)
To rob us of the ſun's all-chearing ray
Were leſs ſevere. The vulgar cloſe the march,
Slaves and artificers; and Dehli mourns
Her empty and depopulated ſtreets.
Now at the camp arriv'd, with ſtern review,
Thro' groves of ſpears, from file to file, he darts
His ſharp experienc'd eye; their order marks,
Each in his ſtation rang'd, exact and firm,
Till in the boundleſs line his ſight is loſt.
Not greater multitudes in arms appear'd
On theſe extended plains, when Ammon's ſon
With mighty Porus in dread battle join'd,
The vaſſal world the prize. Nor was that hoſt
More numerous of old, which the great * King
Pour'd out on Greece from all th' unpeopled Eaſt;
That bridg'd the Helleſpont from ſhore to ſhore,
And drank the rivers dry. Meanwhile in troops
The buſy hunter-train mark out the ground,

* Xerxes.

A wide

A wide circumference ; full many a league
In compaſs round ; woods, rivers, hills, and plains,
Large provinces ; enough to gratify
Ambition's higheſt aim, could reaſon bound
Man's erring will. Now ſit in cloſe divan
The mighty chiefs of this prodigious hoſt.
He from the throne high-eminent preſides,
Gives out his mandates proud, laws of the chace,
From ancient records drawn. With rev'rence low,
And proſtrate at his feet, the chiefs receive
His irreverſible decrees, from which
To vary, is to die. Then his brave bands
Each to his ſtation leads ; encamping round,
Till the wide circle is compleatly form'd.
Where decent order reigns, what theſe command
Thoſe execute with ſpeed, and punctual care ;
In all the ſtricteſt diſcipline of war :
As if ſome watchful foe, with bold inſult,
Hung low'ring o'er their camp. The high reſolve,
That flies on wings thro' all th' encircling line,
Each motion ſteers, and animates the whole.
So, by the ſun's attractive pow'r controll'd,
The planets in their ſpheres roll round his orb,
On all he ſhines, and rules the great machine.
Ere yet the morn diſpels the fleeting miſts,
The ſignal giv'n by the loud trumpet's voice,
Now high in air th' imperial ſtandard waves,
Emblazon'd rich with gold, and glitt'ring gems ;
And like a ſheet of fire thro' the dun gloom

Streaming meteorous. The ſoldiers ſhouts,
And all the brazen inſtruments of war,
With mutual clamour, and united din,
Fill the large concave; while from camp to camp
They catch the varied ſounds, floating in air.
Round all the wide circumference, tygers fell
Shrink at the noiſe, deep in his gloomy den
The lion ſtarts, and morſels yet unchew'd
Drop from his trembling jaws. Now all at once
Onward they march embattled, to the ſound
Of martial harmony; fifes, cornets, drums,
That rouſe the ſleepy ſoul to arms, and bold
Heroic deeds. In parties here and there
Detach'd o'er hill and dale, the hunters range
Inquiſitive; ſtrong dogs that match in fight
The boldeſt brute, around their maſters wait,
A faithful guard. No haunt unſearch'd, they drive
From ev'ry covert, and from ev'ry den,
The lurking ſavages. Inceſſant ſhouts
Re-echo thro' the woods, and kindling fires
Gleam from the mountain tops; the foreſt ſeems
One mingling blaze: like flocks of ſheep they fly
Before the flaming brand: fierce lions, pards,
Boars, tygers, bears, and wolves; a dreadful crew
Of grim, blood-thirſty foes: growling along,
They ſtalk indignant; but fierce vengeance ſtill
Hangs pealing on their rear, and pointed ſpears
Preſent immediate death. Soon as the night
Wrapt in her ſable veil forbids the chace,

They

They pitch their tents, in even ranks, around
The circling camp. The guards are plac'd, and fires
At proper diſtances aſcending riſe,
And paint the horizon with their ruddy light.
So round ſome iſland's ſhore of large extent,
Amid the gloomy horrors of the night,
The billows breaking on the pointed rocks,
Seem all one flame, and the bright circuit wide
Appears a bulwark of ſurrounding fire.
What dreadful howlings, and what hideous roar,
Diſturb thoſe peaceful ſhades! where erſt the bird
That glads the night had chear'd the liſt'ning groves
With ſweet complainings. Thro' the ſilent gloom
Oft they the guards aſſail; as oft repell'd
They fly reluctant, with hot-boiling rage
Stung to the quick, and mad with wild deſpair.
Thus day by day they ſtill the chace renew;
At night encamp; till now in ſtraiter bounds
The circle leſſens, and the beaſts perceive
The wall that hems them in on ev'ry ſide.
And now their fury burſts, and knows no mean;
From man they turn, and point their ill-judg'd rage
Againſt their fellow brutes. With teeth and claws
The civil war begins; grappling they tear,
Lions on tygers prey, and bears on wolves;
Horrible diſcord! till the crowd behind
Shouting purſue, and part the bloody fray.
At once their wrath ſubſides; tame as the lamb
The lion hangs his head; the furious pard,

Cow'd and ſubdu'd, flies from the face of man,
Nor bears one glance of his commanding eye.
So abject is a tyrant in diſtreſs.
At laſt within the narrow plain confin'd,
A liſted field, mark'd out for bloody deeds,
An amphitheatre more glorious far,
Than ancient Rome cou'd boaſt, they crowd in heaps,
Diſmay'd, and quite appall'd. In meet array
Sheath'd in refulgent arms, a noble band
Advance; great lords of high imperial blood,
Early reſolv'd t' aſſert their royal race,
And prove by glorious deeds their valour's growth
Mature, ere yet the callow down has ſpread
Its curling ſhade. On bold Arabian ſteeds
With decent pride they ſit, that fearleſs hear
The lion's dreadful roar; and down the rock
Swift-ſhooting plunge, or o'er the mountain's ridge
Stretching along, the greedy tyger leave
Panting behind. On foot their faithful ſlaves
With javelins arm'd attend; each watchful eye
Fix'd on his youthful care, for him alone
He fears, and to redeem his life, unmov'd
Wou'd loſe his own. The mighty Aurengzebe,
From his high-elevated throne, beholds
His blooming race; revolving in his mind
What once he was, in his gay ſpring of life,
When vigour ſtrung his nerves. Parental joy
Melts in his eyes, and fluſhes in his cheeks.
Now the loud trumpet ſounds a charge. The ſhouts

Of

Of eager hoſts, thro' all the circling line,
And the wild howlings of the beaſts within,
Rend wide the welkin ; flights of arrows, wing'd
With death, and javelins launch'd from ev'ry arm,
Gall ſore the brutal bands, with many a wound
Gor'd thro' and thro'. Deſpair at laſt prevails,
When fainting nature ſhrinks, and rouſes all
Their drooping courage. Swell'd with furious rage,
Their eyes dart fire ; and on the youthful band
They ruſh implacable. They their broad ſhields
Quick interpoſe ; on each devoted head
Their flaming falchions, as the bolts of Jove,
Deſcend unerring. Proſtrate on the ground
The grinning monſters lie, and their foul gore
Defiles the verdant plain. Nor idle ſtand
The truſty ſlaves ; with pointed ſpears they pierce
Thro' their tough hides, or at their gaping mouths
An eaſier paſſage find. The king of brutes
In broken roarings breathes his laſt ; the bear
Grumbles in death ; nor can his ſpotted ſkin,
Tho' ſleek it ſhine, with varied beauties gay,
Save the proud pard from unrelenting fate.
The battle bleeds, grim Slaughter ſtrides along,
Glutting her greedy jaws, grins o'er her prey :
Men, horſes, dogs, fierce beaſts of ev'ry kind,
A ſtrange promiſcuous carnage, drench'd in blood,
And heaps on heaps amaſs'd. What yet remain
Alive, with vain aſſault contend to break
Th' impenetrable line. Others, whom fear
Inſpires with ſelf-preſerving wiles, beneath

The bodies of the ſlain for ſhelter creep.
Aghaſt they fly, or hide their heads diſpers'd.
And now perchance (had Heav'n but pleas'd) the work
Of death had been compleat, and Aurengzebe
By one dread frown extinguiſh'd half their race;
When lo! the bright Sultanas of his court
Appear, and to his raviſh'd eyes diſplay
Thoſe charms, but rarely to the day reveal'd.
Lowly they bend, and humbly ſue, to ſave
The vanquiſh'd hoſt. What mortal can deny
When ſuppliant beauty begs? At his command,
Op'ning to right and left, the well-train'd troops
Leave a large void for their retreating foes:
Away they fly, on wings of fear upborne,
To ſeek on diſtant hills their late abodes.
Ye proud oppreſſors, whoſe vain hearts exult
In wantonneſs of pow'r, 'gainſt the brute race,
Fierce robbers like yourſelves, a guiltleſs war
Wage uncontroll'd: here quench your thirſt of blood;
But learn from Aurengzebe to ſpare mankind.

BOOK THE THIRD.

ARGUMENT.

OF King Edgar, and his impoſing a Tribute of Wolves Heads upon the Kings of Wales: From hence a Tranſition to Fox-Hunting, which is deſcribed in all its Parts. Cenſure of an over-numerous Pack. Of the ſeveral Engines to deſtroy Foxes, and other wild Beaſts. The Steel-trap deſcribed, and the Manner of uſing it. Deſcription of the Pitfall for the Lion; and another for the Elephant. The ancient Way of Hunting the Tyger with a Mirrour. The Arabian Manner of hunting the wild Boar. Deſcription of the Royal Stag-chace at Windſor Foreſt. Concludes with an Addreſs to his Majeſty, and an Eulogy upon Mercy.

IN Albion's iſle when glorious Edgar reign'd,
He, wiſely provident, from her white cliffs
Launch'd half her foreſt, and with num'rous fleets
Cover'd his wide domain; there proudly rode
Lord of the deep, the great prerogative
Of Britiſh monarchs. Each invader bold,
Dane and Norwegian, at a diſtance gaz'd,
And, diſappointed, gnaſh'd his teeth in vain.
He ſcour'd the ſeas, and to remoteſt ſhores
With ſwelling ſails the trembling corſair fled.
Rich commerce flouriſh'd, and with buſy oars
Daſh'd the reſounding ſurge. Nor leſs at land

His

His royal cares; wiſe, potent, gracious prince!
His ſubjects from their cruel foes he ſaved,
And from rapacious ſavages their flocks.
Cambria's proud kings (tho' with reluctance) paid
Their tributary wolves; head after head,
In full account, till the woods yield no more,
And all the rav'nous race extinct is loſt.
In fertile paſtures more ſecurely graz'd
The ſocial troops; and ſoon their large increaſe
With curling fleeces whiten'd all the plains.
But yet, alas! the wily fox remain'd,
A ſubtle, pilf'ring foe, prowling around
In midnight ſhades, and wakeful to deſtroy.
In the full fold, the poor defenceleſs lamb,
Seiz'd by his guileful arts, with ſweet warm blood
Supplies a rich repaſt. The mournful ewe,
Her deareſt treaſure loſt, thro' the dun night
Wanders perplex'd, and darkling bleats in vain:
While, in th' adjacent buſh, poor Philomel
(Herſelf a parent once, till wanton churls
Deſpoil'd her neſt) joins in her loud laments,
With ſweeter notes, and more melodious woe.

For theſe nocturnal thieves, huntſman, prepare
Thy ſharpeſt vengeance. Oh! how glorious 'tis
To right th' oppreſs'd, and bring the felon vile
To juſt diſgrace! Ere yet the morning peep,
Or ſtars retire from the firſt bluſh of day,
With thy far-echoing voice alarm thy pack,
And rouſe thy bold compeers. Then to the copſe,

Thick

Thick with entangling graſs, or prickly furze,
With ſilence lead thy many-colour'd hounds,
In all their beauty's pride. See! how they range
Diſpers'd, how buſily this way and that
They croſs, examining with curious noſe
Each likely haunt. Hark! on the drag I hear
Their doubtful notes, preluding to a cry
More nobly full, and ſwell'd with ev'ry mouth.
As ſtraggling armies, at the trumpet's voice,
Preſs to their ſtandard; hither all repair,
And hurry thro' the woods; with haſty ſtep
Ruſtling, and full of hope; now driv'n on heaps
They puſh, they ſtrive; while from his kennel ſneaks
The conſcious villain. See! he ſkulks along,
Sleek at the ſhepherd's coſt, and plump with meals
Purloin'd. So thrive the wicked here below.
Tho' high his bruſh he bear, tho' tipt with white
It gaily ſhine; yet ere the ſun declin'd
Recall the ſhades of night, the pamper'd rogue
Shall rue his fate revers'd; and at his heels
Behold the juſt avenger, ſwift to ſeize
His forfeit head, and thirſting for his blood.
Heavens! what melodious ſtrains! how beat our hearts
Big with tumultuous joy! the loaded gales
Breathe harmony; and as the tempeſt drives
From wood to wood, thro' ev'ry dark receſs
The foreſt thunders, and the mountains ſhake.
The chorus ſwells; leſs various, and leſs ſweet

The

The thrilling notes, when in thoſe very groves
The feather'd choriſters ſalute the ſpring,
And ev'ry buſh in concert joins; or when
The maſter's hand, in modulated air,
Bids the loud organ breathe, and all the pow'rs
Of muſic in one inſtrument combine,
An univerſal minſtrelſy. And now
In vain each earth he tries, the doors are barr'd
Impregnable, nor is the covert ſafe;
He pants for purer air. Hark! what loud ſhouts
Re-echo thro' the groves! he breaks away,
Shrill horns proclaim his flight. Each ſtraggling hound
Strains o'er the lawn to reach the diſtant pack.
'Tis triumph all and joy. Now, my brave youths,
Now give a looſe to the clean, gen'rous ſteed;
Flouriſh the whip, nor ſpare the galling ſpur;
But in the madneſs of delight forget
Your fears. Far o'er the rocky hills we range,
And dangerous our courſe; but in the brave
True courage never fails. In vain the ſtream
In foaming eddies whirls; in vain the ditch
Wide-gaping threatens death. The craggy ſteep,
Where the poor dizzy ſhepherd crawls with care,
And clings to ev'ry twig, gives us no pain;
But down we ſweep, as ſtoops the falcon bold
To pounce his prey. Then up th' opponent hill,
By the ſwift motion ſlung, we mount aloft.
So ſhips in winter-ſeas now ſliding ſink
Adown the ſteepy wave; then, toſs'd on high,
Ride on the billows, and defy the ſtorm.

What

What lengths we paſs! where will the wand'ring chace
Lead us bewilder'd! Smooth as ſwallows ſkim
The new-ſhorn mead, and far more ſwift, we fly.
See my brave pack! how to the head they preſs,
Juſtling in cloſe array, then more diffuſe
Obliquely wheel, while from their op'ning mouths
The vollied thunder breaks. So when the cranes
Their annual voyage ſteer, with wanton wing
Their figure oft they change, and their loud clang
From cloud to cloud rebounds. How far behind
The hunter-crew, wide-ſtraggling o'er the plain!
The panting courſer now with trembling nerves
Begins to reel; urg'd by the goring ſpur,
Makes many a faint effort: he ſnorts, he foams;
The big round drops run trickling down his ſides,
With ſweat and blood diſtain'd. Look back and view
The ſtrange confuſion of the vale below,
Where ſour vexation reigns. See yon poor jade!
In vain th' impatient rider frets and ſwears,
With galling ſpurs harrows his mangled ſides;
He can no more: his ſtiff, unpliant limbs
Rooted in earth, unmov'd and fix'd he ſtands,
For ev'ry cruel curſe returns a groan,
And ſobs, and faints, and dies. Who without grief
Can view that pamper'd ſteed, his maſter's joy,
His minion, and his daily care, well cloath'd,
Well fed with ev'ry nicer cate; no coſt,
No labour ſpar'd; who, when the flying chace

Broke

Broke from the copſe, without a rival led
The num'rous train: now a ſad ſpectacle
Of pride brought low, and humbled inſolence,
Drove like a pannier'd aſs, and ſcourg'd along!
While theſe with looſen'd reins, and dangling heels,
Hang on their reeling palfreys, that ſcarce bear
Their weights; another in the treach'rous bog
Lies flound'ring half ingulph'd. What biting thoughts
Torment th'abandon'd crew! Old age laments
His vigour ſpent: the tall, plump, brawny youth
Curſes his cumb'rous bulk, and envies now
The ſhort pygmean race, he whilom kenn'd
With proud inſulting leer. A choſen few
Alone the ſport enjoy, nor droop beneath
Their pleaſing toils. Here, huntſman, from this height
Obſerve yon birds of prey; if I can judge,
'Tis there the villain lurks; they hover round
And claim him as their own. Was I not right?
See! there he creeps along; his bruſh he drags,
And ſweeps the mire impure; from his wide jaws
His tongue unmoiſten'd hangs; ſymptoms too ſure
Of ſudden death. Hah! yet he flies, nor yields
To black deſpair. But one looſe more, and all
His wiles are vain. Hark! thro' yon village now
The rattling clamour rings. The barns, the cots,
And leafleſs elms, return the joyous ſounds.
Thro' ev'ry homeſtall, and thro' ev'ry yard,
His midnight walks, panting, forlorn, he flies;
Thro' ev'ry hole he ſneaks, thro' ev'ry jakes

Plunging

Plunging he wades beſmeared, and fondly hopes
In a ſuperior ſtench to loſe his own:
But faithful to the track, th' unerring hounds
With peals of echoing vengeance cloſe purſue.
And now diſtreſs'd, no ſhelt'ring covert near,
Into the hen-rooſt creeps, whoſe walls with gore
Diſtain'd atteſt his guilt. There, villain, there
Expect thy fate deſerv'd. And ſoon from thence
The pack inquiſitive, with clamour loud,
Drag out their trembling prize, and on his blood
With greedy tranſport feaſt. In bolder notes
Each ſounding horn proclaims the felon dead,
And all th'aſſembled village ſhouts for joy.
The farmer, who beholds his mortal foe
Stretch'd at his feet, applauds the glorious deed,
And grateful calls us to a ſhort repaſt:
In the full glaſs the liquid amber ſmiles,
Our native product. And his good old mate
With choiceſt viands heaps the lib'ral board,
To crown our triumphs, and reward our toils.
Here muſt th' inſtructive Muſe (but with reſpect)
Cenſure that num'rous pack, that crowd of ſtate,
With which the vain profuſion of the great
Covers the lawn, and ſhakes the trembling copſe.
Pompous incumbrance! A magnificence
Uſeleſs, vexatious! For the wily fox,
Safe in th' increaſing number of his foes,
Kens well the great advantage; ſlinks behind
And ſlily creeps thro' the ſame beaten track,

And

And hunts them ſtep by ſtep ; then views eſcap'd,
With inward extaſy, the panting throng
In their own footſteps puzzled, foil'd, and loſt.
So when proud Eaſtern kings ſummon to arms
Their gaudy legions, from far diſtant climes
They flock in crowds, unpeopling half a world:
But when the day of battle calls them forth
To charge the well-train'd foe, a band compact
Of choſen vet'rans, they preſs blindly on,
In heaps confus'd, by their own weapons fall,
A ſmoking carnage ſcatter'd o'er the plain.

Nor hounds alone this noxious brood deſtroy:
The plunder'd warrener full many a wile
Deviſes to entrap his greedy foe,
Fat with nocturnal ſpoils : at cloſe of day,
With ſilence drags his trail ; then from the ground
Pares thin the cloſe-graz'd turf, there with nice hand
Covers the latent death, with curious ſprings
Prepar'd to fly at once, whene'er the tread
Of man or beaſt unwarily ſhall preſs
The yielding ſurface. By th' indented ſteel
With gripe tenacious held, the felon grins,
And ſtruggles, but in vain: yet oft 'tis known,
When ev'ry art has fail'd, the captive fox
Has ſhar'd the wounded joint, and with a limb
Compounded for his life. But if perchance
In the deep pitfall plung'd, there's no eſcape;
But unrepriev'd he dies, and bleach'd in air
The jeſt of clowns, his reeking careaſs hangs.

Of

Of theſe are various kinds: not ev'n the king
Of brutes evades this deep devouring grave;
But by the wily African betray'd,
Heedleſs of fate, within its gaping jaws
Expires indignant. When the orient beam
With bluſhes paints the dawn; and all the race
Carnivorous, with blood full-gorg'd, retire
Into their darkſome cells, there ſatiate ſnore
O'er dripping offals, and the mangled limbs
Of men and beaſts; the painful foreſter
Climbs the high hills, whoſe proud aſpiring tops,
With the tall cedar crown'd, and taper fir,
Aſſail the clouds. There 'mong the craggy rocks,
And thickets intricate, trembling he views
His footſteps in the ſand; the diſmal road
And avenue to death. Hither he calls
His watchful bands; and low into the ground
A pit they ſink, full many a fathom deep.
Then in the midſt a column high is rear'd,
The butt of ſome fair tree; upon whoſe top
A lamb is plac'd, juſt raviſh'd from his dam.
And next a wall they build, with ſtones and earth
Encircling round, and hiding from all view
The dreadful precipice. Now when the ſhades
Of night hang low'ring o'er the mountain's brow,
And hunger keen, and pungent thirſt of blood,
Rouze up the ſlothful beaſt, he ſhakes his ſides,
Slow-riſing from his lair, and ſtretches wide
His rav'nous paws, with recent gore diſtain'd.

The foreſts tremble, as he roars aloud,
Impatient to deſtroy. O'erjoy'd he hears
The bleating innocent, that claims in vain
The ſhepherd's care, and ſeeks with piteous moan
The foodful teat; himſelf, alas! deſign'd
Another's meal. For now the greedy brute
Winds him from far; and leaping o'er the mound
To ſeize his trembling prey, headlong is plung'd
Into the deep abyſs. Proſtrate he lies
Aſtunn'd and impotent. Ah! what avail
Thine eye-balls flaſhing fire, thy length of tail,
That laſhes thy broad ſides, thy jaws beſmear'd
With blood and offals crude, thy ſhaggy mane
The terror of the woods, thy ſtately port,
And bulk enormous, ſince by ſtratagem
Thy ſtrength is foil'd? Unequal is the ſtrife,
When ſov'reign reaſon combats brutal rage.
On diſtant Ethiopia's ſun-burnt coaſts,
The black inhabitants a pitfall frame,
But of a diff'rent kind, and diff'rent uſe.
With ſlender poles the wide capacious mouth,
And hurdles ſlight, they cloſe; o'er theſe is ſpread
A floor of verdant turf, with all its flow'rs,
Smiling deluſive, and from ſtricteſt ſearch
Concealing the deep grave that yawns below.
Then boughs of trees they cut, with tempting fruit
Of various kinds ſurcharg'd; the downy peach,
The cluſt'ring vine, and of bright golden rind
The fragrant orange. Soon as ev'ning grey

Advances

Advances ſlow, beſprinkling all around
With kind refreſhing dews the thirſty glebe,
The ſtately elephant from the cloſe ſhade
With ſtep majeſtic ſtrides, eager to taſte
The cooler breeze that from the ſea-beat ſhore
Delightful breathes, or in the limpid ſtream
To lave his panting ſides; joyous he ſcents
The rich repaſt, unweeting of the death
That lurks within. And ſoon he ſporting breaks
The brittle boughs, and greedily devours
The fruit delicious. Ah! too dearly bought;
The price is life. For now the teach'rous turf
Trembling gives way; and the unwieldy beaſt,
Self-ſinking, drops into the dark profound.
So when dilated vapours ſtruggling heave
Th'incumbent earth; if chance the cavern'd ground
Shrinking ſubſide, and the thin ſurface yield,
Down ſinks at once the pond'rous dome, ingulph'd
With all its tow'rs. Subtle, deluſive man!
How various are thy wiles! artful to kill
Thy ſavage foes, a dull, unthinking race.
Fierce from his lair ſprings forth the ſpeckled pard,
Thirſting for blood, and eager to deſtroy;
The huntſman flies, but to his flight alone
Confides not: at convenient diſtance fix'd,
A poliſh'd mirrour ſtops in full career
The furious brute: he there his image views;
Spots againſt ſpots with rage improving glow;
Another pard his briſtly whiſkers curls,

Grins as he grins, fierce-menacing, and wide
Diſtends his op'ning paws; himſelf againſt
Himſelf oppos'd, and with dread vengeance arm'd.
The huntſman now, ſecure, with fatal aim
Directs the pointed ſpear, by which transfix'd
He dies, and with him dies the rival ſhade.
Thus man innum'rous engines forms, t'aſſail
The ſavage kind: but moſt the docile horſe,
Swift, and confederate with man, annoys
His brethren of the plains; without whoſe aid
The hunters arts were vain, unſkill'd to wage
With the more active brutes an equal war:
But, borne by him, without the well-train'd pack,
Man dares his foe, on wings of winds ſecure.

Him the fierce Arab mounts, and with his troop
Of bold compeers ranges the deſerts wild:
Where, by the magnet's aid, the traveller
Steers his untrodden courſe, yet oft on land
Is wreck'd, in the high-rolling waves of ſand
Immers'd and loſt; while theſe intrepid bands,
Safe in their horſes ſpeed, out-fly the ſtorm,
And ſcouring round make men and beaſts their prey.
The griſly boar is ſingled from his herd,
As large as that in Erimanthian woods,
A match for Hercules. Round him they fly
In circles wide; and each in paſſing ſends
His feather'd death into his brawny ſides.
But perilous th' attempt. For if the ſteed
Haply too near approach, or the looſe earth

His

His footing fail, the watchful, angry beaſt
Th' advantage ſpies, and at one ſidelong glance
Rips up his groin. Wounded, he rears aloft,
And, plunging, from his back the rider hurls
Precipitant; then bleeding ſpurns the ground,
And drags his reeking entrails o'er the plain.
Mean while the ſurly monſter trots along,
But with unequal ſpeed; for ſtill they wound,
Swift-wheeling in the ſpacious ring. A wood
Of darts upon his back he bears; adown
His tortur'd ſides the crimſon torrents roll
From many a gaping font. And now at laſt
Stagg'ring he falls, in blood and foam expires.

But whither roves my devious Muſe, intent
On antique tales, while yet the royal ſtag
Unſung remains? Tread with reſpectful awe
Windſor's green glades; where Denham, tuneful bard,
Charm'd once the liſt'ning Dryads with his ſong
Sublimely ſweet. O! grant me, ſacred ſhade,
To glean ſubmiſs what thy full ſickle leaves.

The morning ſun, that gilds with trembling rays
Windſor's high tow'rs, beholds the courtly train
Mount for the chace, nor views in all his courſe
A ſcene ſo gay: heroic, noble youths,
In arts and arms renown'd, and lovely nymphs,
The faireſt of this iſle, where beauty dwells
Delighted, and deſerts her Paphian grove
For our more favour'd ſhades: in proud parade
Theſe ſhine magnificent, and preſs around

The royal happy pair. Great in themſelves,
They ſmile ſuperior; of external ſhow
Regardleſs, while their inbred virtues give
A luſtre to their pow'r, and grace their court
With real ſplendours, far above the pomp
Of eaſtern kings in all their tinſel pride.
Like troops of Amazons, the female band
Prance round their cars, not in refulgent arms
As thoſe of old; unſkill'd to wield the ſword,
Or bend the bow, theſe kill with ſurer aim.
The royal offspring, faireſt of the fair,
Lead on the ſplendid train. Anna, more bright
Than ſummer ſuns, or as the lightning keen,
With irreſiſtible effulgence arm'd,
Fires ev'ry heart. He muſt be more than man,
Who unconcern'd can bear the piercing ray.
Amelia, milder than the bluſhing dawn,
With ſweet engaging air, but equal pow'r,
Inſenſibly ſubdues, and in ſoft chains
Her willing captives leads. Illuſtrious maids,
Ever triumphant! whoſe victorious charms,
Without the needleſs aid of high deſcent,
Had aw'd mankind, and taught the world's great lords
To bow and ſue for grace. But who is he,
Freſh as a roſe-bud newly blown, and fair
As op'ning lillies, on whom ev'ry eye
With joy and admiration dwells? See! ſee!
He reins his docile barb with manly grace.
Is it Adonis for the chace array'd?

Or

Or Britain's ſecond hope? Hail, blooming youth!
May all your virtues with your years improve,
Till, in conſummate worth, you ſhine the pride
Of theſe our days, and to ſucceeding times
A bright example. As his guard of mutes
On the great Sultan wait, with eyes dejected
And fix'd on earth, no voice, no ſound is heard
Within the wide ſerail, but all is huſh'd,
And awful ſilence reigns; thus ſtand the pack
Mute and unmov'd, and cow'ring low to earth,
While paſs the glitt'ring court, and royal pair:
So diſciplin'd thoſe hounds, and ſo reſerv'd,
Whoſe honour 'tis to glad the hearts of kings.
But ſoon the winding horn, and huntſman's voice,
Let looſe the gen'ral chorus; far around
Joy ſpreads its wings, and the gay morning ſmiles.
Unharbour'd now the royal ſtag forſakes
His wonted lair; he ſhakes his dappled ſides,
And toſſes high his beamy head, the copſe
Beneath his antlers bends. What doubling ſhifts
He tries! not more the wily hare; in theſe
Wou'd ſtill perſiſt, did not the full-mouth'd pack
With dreadful concert thunder in his rear.
The woods reply, the hunters chearing ſhouts
Float thro' the glades, and the wide foreſt rings.
How merrily they chant! their noſtrils deep
Inhale the grateful ſteam. Such is the cry,
And ſuch th' harmonious din; the ſoldier deems
The battle kindling, and the ſtateſman grave

Forgets his weighty cares; each age, each ſex
In the wild tranſport joins; luxuriant joy,
And pleaſure in exceſs, ſparkling exult
On ev'ry brow, and revel unreſtrain'd.
How happy art thou, man, when thou'rt no more
Thyſelf! when all the pangs that grind thy ſoul,
In rapture and in ſweet oblivion loſt,
Yield a ſhort interval, and eaſe from pain!

See the ſwift courſer ſtrains, his ſhining hoofs
Securely beat the ſolid ground. Who now
The dang'rous pitfall fears, with tangling heath
High-overgrown? Or who the quiv'ring bog
Soft-yielding to the ſtep? All now is plain,
Plain as the ſtrand ſea-lav'd, that ſtretches far
Beneath the rocky ſhore. Glades croſſing glades
The foreſt opens to our wond'ring view:
Such was the king's command. Let tyrants fierce
Lay waſte the world; his the more glorious part
To check their pride, and, when the brazen voice
Of war is huſh'd, (as erſt victorious Rome)
T' employ his ſtation'd legions in the works
Of peace; to ſmooth the rugged wilderneſs,
To drain the ſtagnate fen, to raiſe the ſlope
Depending road, and to make gay the face
Of nature with th' embelliſhments of art.

How melts my beating heart! as I behold
Each lovely nymph, our iſland's boaſt and pride,
Puſh on the gen'rous ſteed, that ſtrokes along
O'er rough, o'er ſmooth, nor heeds the ſteepy hill,

Nor

Nor faulters in th' extended vale below ;
Their garments looſely waving in the wind,
And all the fluſh of beauty in their cheeks !
While at their ſides their penſive lovers wait,
Direct their dubious courſe ; now chill'd with fear
Solicitous, and now with love inflam'd.
O ! grant, indulgent Heav'n, no riſing ſtorm
May darken with black wings this glorious ſcene !
Shou'd ſome malignant pow'r thus damp our joys,
Vain were the gloomy cave, ſuch as of old
Betray'd to lawleſs love the Tyrian queen.
For Britain's virtuous nymphs are chaſte as fair,
Spotleſs, unblam'd, with equal triumph reign
In the dun gloom, as in the blaze of day.
Now the blown ſtag, thro' woods, bogs, roads, and ſtreams,
Has meaſur'd half the foreſt ; but, alas !
He flies in vain, he flies not from his fears.
Tho' far he caſt the ling'ring pack behind,
His haggard fancy ſtill with horror views
The fell deſtroyer ; ſtill the fatal cry
Inſults his ears, and wounds his trembling heart.
So the poor fury-haunted wretch (his hands
In guiltleſs blood diſtain'd) ſtill ſeems to hear
The dying ſhrieks ; and the pale threat'ning ghoſt
Moves as he moves, and as he flies, purſues.
See here his flot ; up yon green hill he climbs,
Pants on its brow awhile, ſadly looks back
On his purſuers, cov'ring all the plain ;

But,

But, wrung with anguiſh, bears not long the ſight,
Shoots down the ſteep, and ſweats along the vale:
There mingles with the herd, where once he reign'd
Proud monarch of the groves, whoſe claſhing beam
His rivals aw'd, and whoſe exalted pow'r
Was ſtill rewarded with ſucceſsful love.
But the baſe herd have learn'd the ways of men,
Averſe they fly, or with rebellious aim
Chace him from thence: needleſs their impious deed,
The huntſman knows him by a thouſand marks,
Black, and imboſt; nor are his hounds deceiv'd;
Too well diſtinguiſh theſe, and never leave
Their once-devoted foe; familiar grows
His ſcent, and ſtrong their appetite to kill.
Again he flies, and with redoubled ſpeed
Skims o'er the lawn; ſtill the tenacious crew
Hang on the track, aloud demand their prey,
And puſh him many a league. If haply then
Too far eſcap'd, and the gay courtly train
Behind are caſt, the huntſman's clanging whip
Stops full their bold career; paſſive they ſtand,
Unmov'd, an humble, an obſequious crowd,
As if by ſtern Meduſa gaz'd to ſtones.
So at their gen'ral's voice whole armies halt
In full purſuit, and check their thirſt of blood.
Soon at the king's command, like haſty ſtreams
Damm'd up awhile, they foam, and pour along
With freſh recruited might. The ſtag, who hop'd
His foes were loſt, now once more hears aſtunn'd

The

The dreadful din; he ſhivers ev'ry limb,
He ſtarts, he bounds; each buſh preſents a foe.
Preſs'd by the freſh relay, no pauſe allow'd,
Breathleſs, and faint, he faulters in his pace,
And lifts his weary limbs with pain, that ſcarce
Suſtain their load; he pants, he ſobs appall'd;
Drops down his heavy head to earth, beneath
His cumb'rous beams oppreſs'd. But if perchance
Some prying eye ſurprize him; ſoon he rears
Erect his tow'ring front, bounds o'er the lawn
With ill-diſſembled vigour, to amuſe
The knowing foreſter, who inly ſmiles
At his weak ſhifts and unavailing frauds.
So midnight tapers waſte their laſt remains,
Shine forth a while, and as they blaze expire.
From wood to wood redoubling thunders roll,
And bellow thro' the vales; the moving ſtorm
Thickens amain, and loud triumphant ſhouts,
And horns ſhrill-warbling in each glade, prelude
To his approaching fate. And now in view
With hobbling gait, and high, exerts amaz'd
What ſtrength is left: to the laſt dregs of life
Reduc'd, his ſpirits fail, on ev'ry ſide
Hemm'd in, beſieg'd; not the leaſt op'ning left
To gleaming hope, th' unhappy's laſt reſerve.
Where ſhall he turn? Or whither fly? Deſpair
Gives courage to the weak. Reſolv'd to die,
He fears no more, but ruſhes on his foes,
And deals his deaths around; beneath his feet

Theſe

Theſe grovelling lie, thoſe by his antlers gor'd
Defile th' enſanguin'd plain. Ah! ſee diſtreſs'd
He ſtands at bay againſt yon knotty trunk,
That covers well his rear; his front preſents
An hoſt of foes. O! ſhun, ye noble train,
The rude encounter, and believe your lives
Your country's due alone. As now aloof
They wing around, he finds his ſoul uprais'd
To dare ſome great exploit: he charges home
Upon the broken pack, that on each ſide
Fly diverſe; then as o'er the turf he ſtrains,
He vents the cooling ſtream, and up the breeze
Urges his courſe with eager violence:
Then takes the ſoil, and plunges in the flood
Precipitant; down the mid-ſtream he wafts
Along, till, (like a ſhip diſtreſs'd, that runs
Into ſome winding creek,) cloſe to the verge
Of a ſmall iſland, for his weary feet
Sure anchorage he finds, there ſkulks immers'd.
His noſe alone above the wave, draws in
The vital air; all elſe beneath the flood
Conceal'd, and loſt, deceives each prying eye
Of man or brute. In vain the crowding pack
Draw on the margin of the ſtream, or cut
The liquid wave with oary feet, that move
In equal time. The gliding waters leave
No trace behind, and his contracted pores
But ſparingly perſpire: the huntſman ſtrains
His lab'ring lungs, and puffs his cheeks in vain:

At

At length a blood-hound bold, ſtudious to kill,
And exquiſite of ſenſe, winds him from far;
Headlong he leaps into the flood, his mouth
Loud-op'ning ſpends amain, and his wide throat
Swells ev'ry note with joy; then fearleſs dives
Beneath the wave, hangs on his haunch, and wounds
Th' unhappy brute, that flounders in the ſtream,
Sorely diſtreſs'd, and ſtruggling ſtrives to mount
The ſteepy ſhore. Haply once more eſcap'd,
Again he ſtands at bay, amid the groves
Of willows, bending low their downy heads.
Outrageous tranſport fires the greedy pack;
Theſe ſwim the deep, and thoſe crawl up with pain
The ſlipp'ry bank, while others on firm land
Engage; the ſtag repels each bold aſſault,
Maintains his poſt, and wounds for wounds returns.
As when ſome wily corſair boards a ſhip
Full-freighted, or from Afric's golden coaſts,
Or India's wealthy ſtrand, his bloody crew
Upon her deck he flings; theſe in the deep
Drop ſhort, and ſwim to reach her ſteepy ſides,
And clinging climb aloft, while thoſe on board
Urge on the work of fate; the maſter bold,
Preſs'd to his laſt retreat, bravely reſolves
To ſink his wealth beneath the whelming wave,
His wealth, his foes, nor unreveng'd to die.
So fares it with the ſtag; ſo he reſolves
To plunge at once into the flood below,
Himſelf, his foes, in one deep gulph immers'd.

Ere

Ere yet he executes this dire intent,
In wild diſorder once more views the light;
Beneath a weight of woe, he groans diſtreſs'd:
The tears run trickling down his hairy cheeks;
He weeps, nor weeps in vain. The king beholds
His wretched plight, and tenderneſs innate
Moves his great ſoul. Soon at his high command
Rebuk'd, the diſappointed, hungry pack
Retire ſubmiſs, and grumbling quit their prey.
Great prince! from thee what may thy ſubjects hope,
So kind, and ſo beneficent to brutes?
O mercy, heav'nly born! ſweet attribute!
Thou great, thou beſt prerogative of pow'r!
Juſtice may guard the throne, but, join'd with thee,
On rocks of adamant it ſtands ſecure,
And braves the ſtorm beneath: ſoon as thy ſmiles
Gild the rough deep, the foaming waves ſubſide,
And all the noiſy tumult ſinks in peace.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

ARGUMENT.

OF the Neceſſity of deſtroying ſome Beaſts, and preſerving others for the Uſe of Man. Of breeding of Hounds; the Seaſon for this Buſineſs. The Choice of the Dog, of great Moment. Of the Litter of Whelps. Of the Number to be reared. Of ſetting them out to their ſeveral Walks. Care to be taken to prevent their Hunting too ſoon. Of entering the Whelps. Of breaking them from running at Sheep. Of the Diſeaſes of Hounds. Of their Age. Of Madneſs; two Sorts of it deſcribed, the Dumb, and outrageous Madneſs: its dreadful Effects. Burning of the Wound recommended as preventing all ill Conſequences. The infectious Hounds to be ſeparated, and fed apart. The Vanity of truſting to the many infallible Cures for this Malady. The diſmal Effects of the Biting of a Mad Dog upon Man deſcribed. Deſcription of the Otter Hunting. The Concluſion.

WHATE'ER of earth is form'd, to earth returns
Diſſolv'd: the various objects we behold,
Plants, animals, this whole material maſs,
Are ever changing, ever new. The ſoul
Of man alone, that particle divine,
Eſcapes the wreck of worlds, when all things fail.
Hence great the diſtance 'twixt the beaſts that periſh
And God's bright image, man's immortal race.

The

The brute creation are his property,
Subſervient to his will, and for him made.
As hurtful theſe he kills, as uſeful thoſe
Preſerves; their ſole and arbitrary king.
Shou'd he not kill, as erſt the Samian ſage
Taught unadvis'd, and Indian Brachmans now
As vainly preach; the teeming rav'nous brutes
Might fill the ſcanty ſpace of this terrene,
Incumb'ring all the globe: ſhou'd not his care
Improve his growing ſtock, their kinds might fail,
Man might once more on roots and acorns feed,
And thro' the deſerts range, ſhiv'ring, forlorn,
Quite deſtitute of ev'ry ſolace dear,
And ev'ry ſmiling gaiety of life.

The prudent huntſman, therefore, will ſupply
With annual large recruits his broken pack,
And propagate their kind: as from the root
Freſh ſcions ſtill ſpring forth, and daily yield
New blooming honours to the parent-tree.
Far ſhall his pack be fam'd, far ſought his breed,
And princes at their tables feaſt thoſe hounds
His hand preſents, an acceptable boon.

Ere yet the ſun thro' the bright ram has urg'd
His ſteepy courſe, or mother Earth unbound
Her frozen boſom to the weſtern gale;
When feather'd troops, their ſocial leagues diſſolv'd,
Select their mates, and on the leafleſs elm
The noiſy rook builds high her wicker neſt;
Mark well the wanton females of thy pack,

That

That curl their taper tails, and friſking court
Their pyebald mates enamour'd ; their red eyes
Flaſh fires impure ; nor reſt nor food they take,
Goaded by furious love. In ſep'rate cells
Confine them now, leſt bloody civil wars
Annoy thy peaceful ſtate. If left at large,
The growling rivals in dread battle join,
And rude encounter. On Scamander's ſtreams
Heroes of old with far leſs fury fought
For the bright Spartan dame, their valour's prize.
Mangled and torn thy fav'rite hounds ſhall lie,
Stretch'd on the ground ; thy kennel ſhall appear
A field of blood : like ſome unhappy town
In civil broils confus'd, while diſcord ſhakes
Her bloody ſcourge aloft, fierce parties rage,
Staining their impious hands in mutual death.
And ſtill the beſt belov'd and braveſt fall :
Such are the dire effects of lawleſs love.

Huntſman ! theſe ills by timely prudent care
Prevent : for ev'ry longing dame ſelect
Some happy paramour ; to him alone
In leagues connubial join. Conſider well
His lineage ; what his fathers did of old,
Chiefs of the pack, and firſt to climb the rock,
Or plunge into the deep, or thread the brake
With thorns ſharp-pointed, plaſh'd, and briars inwoven.
Obſerve with care his ſhape, ſort, colour, ſize.
Nor will ſagacious huntſmen leſs regard

His inward habits ; the vain babbler ſhun,
Ever loquacious, ever in the wrong.
His fooliſh offspring ſhall offend thy ears
With falſe alarms, and loud impertinence.
Nor leſs the ſhifting cur avoid, that breaks
Illuſive from the pack ; to the next hedge
Devious he ſtrays, there ev'ry muſe he tries ;
If haply then he croſs the ſtreaming ſcent,
Away he flies vain glorious, and exults
As of the pack ſupreme, and in his ſpeed
And ſtrength unrivall'd. Lo ! caſt far behind
His vex'd aſſociates pant, and lab'ring ſtrain
To climb the ſteep aſcent. Soon as they reach
Th' inſulting boaſter, his falſe courage fails,
Behind he lags, doom'd to the fatal nooſe,
His maſter's hate, and ſcorn of all the field.
What can from ſuch be hop'd, but a baſe brood
Of coward curs, a frantic, vagrant race ?

When now the third revolving moon appears,
With ſharpen'd horns, above th' horizon's brink,
Without Lucina's aid, expect thy hopes
Are amply crown'd ; ſhort pangs produce to light
The ſmoking litter, crawling, helpleſs, blind,
Nature their guide, they ſeek the pouting teat,
That plenteous ſtreams. Soon as the tender dam
Has form'd them with her tongue, with pleaſure view
The marks of their renown'd progenitors,
Sure pledge of triumphs yet to come. All theſe
Select with joy ; but to the merc'leſs flood

Expoſe

Expoſe the dwindling refuſe, nor o'erload
Th' indulgent mother. If thy heart relent,
Unwilling to deſtroy, a nurſe provide,
And to the foſter-parent give the care
Of thy ſuperfluous brood; ſhe'll cheriſh kind
The alien offspring; pleas'd thou ſhalt behold
Her tenderneſs and hoſpitable love.

If frolic now and playful they deſert
Their gloomy cell, and on the verdant turf,
With nerves improv'd, purſue the mimic chace,
Courſing around; unto thy choiceſt friends
Commit thy valu'd prize: the ruſtic dames
Shall at thy kennel wait, and in their laps
Receive thy growing hopes, with many a kiſs
Careſs, and dignify their little charge
With ſome great title, and reſounding name
Of high import. But cautious here obſerve
To check their youthful ardour, nor permit
The unexperienc'd younker, immature,
Alone to range the woods, or haunt the brakes
Where dodging conies ſport: his nerves unſtrung,
And ſtrength unequal, the laborious chace
Shall ſtint his growth, and his raſh, forward youth
Contract ſuch vicious habits, as thy care
And late correction never ſhall reclaim.

When to full ſtrength arriv'd, mature and bold,
Conduct them to the field; not all at once,
But, as thy cooler prudence ſhall direct,
Select a few, and form them by degrees

To ſtricter diſcipline. With theſe conſort
The ſtanch and ſteady ſages of thy pack,
By long experience vers'd in all the wiles
And ſubtle doublings of the various chace.
Eaſy the leſſon of the youthful train,
When inſtinct prompts, and when example guides.
If the too forward younker at the head
Preſs boldly on, in wanton ſportive mood,
Correct his haſte, and let him feel abaſh'd
The ruling whip. But if he ſtoop behind
In wary modeſt guiſe, to his own noſe
Confiding ſure, give him full ſcope to work
His winding way, and with thy voice applaud
His patience, and his care: ſoon ſhalt thou view
The hopeful pupil leader of his tribe,
And all the liſt'ning pack attend his call.

Oft lead them forth where wanton lambkins play,
And bleating dams with jealous eyes obſerve
Their tender care. If at the crowding flock
He bay preſumptuous, or with eager haſte
Purſue them ſcatter'd o'er the verdant plain;
In the foul fact attach'd, to the ſtrong ram
Tie faſt the raſh offender. See! at firſt
His horn'd companion, fearful, and amaz'd,
Shall drag him trembling o'er the rugged ground:
Then, with his load fatigued, ſhall turn a-head,
And with his curl'd hard front inceſſant peal
The panting wretch, 'till, breathleſs and aſtunn'd,
Stretch'd on the turf he lie. Then ſpare not thou

The

The twining whip, but ply his bleeding ſides
Laſh after laſh, and with thy threat'ning voice,
Harſh-echoing from the hills, inculcate loud
His vile offence. Sooner ſhall trembling doves,
Eſcap'd the hawk's ſharp talons, in mid air,
Aſſail their dang'rous foe, than he once more
Diſturb the peaceful flocks. In tender age
Thus youth is train'd; as curious artiſts bend
The taper, pliant twig; or potters form
Their ſoft and ductile clay to various ſhapes.
Nor is't enough to breed; but to preſerve
Muſt be the huntſman's care. The ſtanch old hounds,
Guides of thy pack, tho' but in number few,
Are yet of great account; ſhall oft untie
The Gordian knot, when reaſon at a ſtand
Puzzling is loſt, and all thy art is vain.
O'er clogging fallows, o'er dry plaſter'd roads,
O'er floated meads, o'er plains with flocks diſtain'd
Rank ſcenting, theſe muſt lead the dubious way.
As party-chiefs in ſenates who preſide,
With pleaded reaſon and with well-turn'd ſpeech
Conduct the ſtaring multitude; ſo theſe
Direct the pack, who with joint cry approve,
And loudly boaſt diſcov'ries not their own.
Unnumber'd accidents, and various ills,
Attend thy pack, hang hov'ring o'er their heads,
And point the way that leads to death's dark cave.
Short is their ſpan; few at the date arrive
Of ancient Argus, in old Homer's ſong

So highly honour'd: kind, ſagacious brute!
Not ev'n Minerva's wiſdom cou'd conceal
Thy much-lov'd maſter from thy nicer ſenſe.
Dying his lord he own'd, view'd him all o'er
With eager eyes, then clos'd thoſe eyes, well pleas'd.
Of leſſer ills the Muſe declines to ſing,
Nor ſtoops ſo low; of theſe each groom can tell
The proper remedy. But O! what care!
What prudence can prevent madneſs, the worſt
Of maladies? Terrific peſt! that blaſts
The huntſman's hopes, and deſolation ſpreads
Thro' all th' unpeopled kennel unreſtrain'd.
More fatal than th' envenom'd viper's bite;
Or that Apulian ſpider's pois'nous ſting,
Heal'd by the pleaſing antidote of ſounds.
When Sirius reigns, and the ſun's parching beams
Bake the dry gaping ſurface, viſit thou
Each ev'n and morn, with quick obſervant eye,
Thy panting pack. If, in dark ſullen mood,
The glouting hound refuſe his wonted meal,
Retiring to ſome cloſe, obſcure retreat,
Gloomy, diſconſolate; with ſpeed remove
The poor infectious wretch, and in ſtrong chains
Bind him ſuſpected. Thus that dire diſeaſe,
Which art can't cure, wiſe caution may prevent.
But this neglected, ſoon expect a change,
A diſmal change, confuſion, frenzy, death.
Or in ſome dark receſs, the ſenſeleſs brute
Sits ſadly pining: deep melancholy,

And

And black deſpair, upon his clouded brow
Hang low'ring; from his half-op'ning jaws
The clammy venom, and infectious froth,
Diſtilling fall; and from his lungs inflam'd
Malignant vapours taint the ambient air,
Breathing perdition: his dim eyes are glaz'd,
He droops his penſive head, his trembling limbs
No more ſupport his weight; abject he lies,
Dumb, ſpiritleſs, benumb'd, till death at laſt
Gracious attends, and kindly brings relief.
Or if outrageous grown, behold, alas!
A yet more dreadful ſcene; his glaring eyes
Redden with fury, like ſome angry boar
Churning he foams, and on his back erect
His pointed briſtles riſe; his tail incurv'd
He drops, and with harſh broken howlings rends
The poiſon-tainted air, with rough hoarſe voice
Inceſſant bays, and ſnuffs th' infectious breeze;
This way and that he ſtares aghaſt, and ſtarts
At his own ſhade; jealous, as if he deem'd
The world his foes. If haply tow'rd the ſtream
He caſt his roving eye, cold horror chills
His ſoul; averſe he flies, trembling, appall'd.
Now frantic to the kennel's utmoſt verge
Raving he runs, and deals deſtruction round.
The pack fly diverſe; for whate'er he meets
Vengeful he bites, and ev'ry bite is death.
If now perchance thro' the weak fence eſcap'd,
Far up the wind he roves, with open mouth

Inhales the cooling breeze, nor man nor beaſt
He ſpares implacable. The hunter-horſe,
Once kind aſſociate of his ſylvan toils,
(Who haply now without the kennel's mound
Crops the rank mead, and liſt'ning hears with joy
The chearing cry that morn and eve ſalutes
His raptur'd ſenſe,) a wretched victim falls.
Unhappy quadruped! no more, alas!
Shall thy fond maſter with his voice applaud
Thy gentleneſs, thy ſpeed; or with his hand
Stroke thy ſoft dappled ſides, as he each day
Viſits thy ſtall, well pleas'd; no more ſhalt thou
With ſprightly neighings, to the winding horn,
And the loud-op'ning pack in concert join'd,
Glad his proud heart. For oh! the ſecret wound
Rankling inflames, he bites the ground and dies.

Hence to the village with pernicious haſte
Baleful he bends his courſe: the village flies
Alarm'd; the tender mother in her arms
Hugs cloſe the trembling babe; the doors are barr'd,
And flying curs, by native inſtinct taught,
Shun the contagious bane; the ruſtic bands
Hurry to arms, the rude militia ſeize
Whate'er at hand they find; clubs, forks, or guns,
From ev'ry quarter charge the furious foe,
In wild diſorder, and uncouth array,
Till now with wounds on wounds oppreſs'd and gor'd,
At one ſhort pois'nous gaſp he breathes his laſt.

Hence to the kennel, Muſe, return, and view
With heavy heart that hoſpital of woe;

Where

Where horror ſtalks at large, inſatiate death
Sits growling o'er his prey: each hour preſents
A diff'rent ſcene of ruin and diſtreſs.
How buſy art thou, Fate! and how ſevere
Thy pointed wrath! The dying and the dead
Promiſcuous lie; o'er theſe the living fight
In one eternal broil; not conſcious why,
Nor yet with whom. So drunkards, in their cups,
Spare not their friends, while ſenſeleſs ſquabble reigns.
Huntſman! it much behooves thee to avoid
The perilous debate. Ah! rouze up all
Thy vigilance, and tread the treach'rous ground
With careful ſtep. Thy fires unquench'd preſerve,
As erſt the veſtal flame; the pointed ſteel
In the hot embers hide; and if ſurpris'd
Thou feel'ſt the deadly bite, quick urge it home
Into the recent ſore, and cauterize
The wound; ſpare not thy fleſh, nor dread th' event:
Vulcan ſhall ſave, when Æſculapius fails.
Here ſhou'd the knowing Muſe recount the means
To ſtop this growing plague. And here, alas!
Each hand preſents a ſov'reign cure, and boaſts
Infallibility, but boaſts in vain:
On this depend: each to his ſep'rate ſeat
Confine, in fetters bound; give each his meſs
Apart, his range in open air; and then
If deadly ſymptoms to thy grief appear,
Devote the wretch, and let him greatly fall,
A gen'rous victim for the public weal.

Sing,

Sing, philoſophic Muſe, the dire effects
Of this contagious bite on hapleſs man.
The ruſtic ſwains, by long tradition taught
Of leeches old, as ſoon as they perceive
The bite impreſs'd, to the ſea-coaſts repair.
Plung'd in the briny flood, th' unhappy youth
Now journeys home ſecure; but ſoon ſhall wiſh
The ſeas as yet had cover'd him beneath
The foaming ſurge, full many a fathom deep.
A fate more diſmal, and ſuperior ills,
Hang o'er his head devoted. When the moon,
Cloſing her monthly round, returns again
To glad the night; or when full-orb'd ſhe ſhines
High in the vault of heav'n; the lurking peſt
Begins the dire aſſault. The pois'nous foam,
Thro' the deep wound inſtill'd with hoſtile rage,
And all its fiery particles ſaline,
Invades th' arterial fluid, whoſe red waves
Tempeſtuous heave, and, their coheſion broke,
Fermenting boil; inteſtine war enſues,
And order to confuſion turns embroil'd.
Now the diſtended veſſels ſcarce contain
The wild uproar, but preſs each weaker part,
Unable to reſiſt, the tender brain,
And ſtomach, ſuffer moſt; convulſions ſhake
His trembling nerves, and wandering pungent pains
Pinch ſore the ſleepleſs wretch; his flutt'ring pulſe
Oft intermits; penſive and ſad he mourns
His cruel fate, and to his weeping friends
Laments in vain; to haſty anger prone,

Reſents

Reſents each ſlight offence, walks with quick ſtep,
And wildly ſtares; at laſt with boundleſs ſway
The tyrant frenzy reigns. For as the dog,
(Whoſe fatal bite convey'd th' infectious bane,)
Raving he foams, and howls, and barks, and bites.
Like agitations in his boiling blood
Preſent like ſpecies to his troubled mind;
His nature and his actions all canine.
So (as old Homer ſung) th' aſſociates wild
Of wand'ring Ithacus, by Circe's charms
To ſwine transform'd, ran gruntling thro' the groves.
Dreadful example to a wicked world!
See there diſtreſs'd he lies! parch'd up with thirſt,
But dares not drink; till now at laſt his ſoul
Trembling eſcapes, her noiſome dungeon leaves,
And to ſome purer region wings away.

One labour yet remains, celeſtial maid!
Another element demands thy ſong.
No more o'er craggy ſteeps, thro' coverts thick
With pointed thorn, and briars intricate,
Urge on with horn and voice the painful pack;
But ſkim with wanton wing th' irriguous vale,
Where winding ſtreams amid the flow'ry meads
Perpetual glide along, and undermine
The cavern'd banks, by the tenacious roots
Of hoary willows arch'd; gloomy retreat
Of the bright ſcaly kind, where they at will
On the green wat'ry reed their paſture graze,
Suck the moiſt ſoil, or ſlumber at their eaſe,

Rock'd

Rock'd by the reſtleſs brook, that draws aſlope
Its humid train, and laves their dark abodes.
Where rages not oppreſſion? Where, alas!
Is innocence ſecure? Rapine and ſpoil
Haunt ev'n the loweſt deeps; ſeas have their ſharks;
Rivers and ponds inclos'd, the rav'nous pike;
He in his turn becomes a prey, on him
Th' amphibious otter feaſts. Juſt is his fate
Deſerv'd: but tyrants know no bounds; nor ſpears
That briſtle on his back, defend the perch
From his wide greedy jaws; nor burniſh'd mail
The yellow carp; nor all his arts can ſave
Th' inſinuating eel, that hides his head
Beneath the ſlimy mud; nor yet eſcapes
The crimſon-ſpotted trout, the river's pride,
And beauty of the ſtream. Without remorſe,
This midnight pillager ranging around,
Inſatiate ſwallows all. The owner mourns
Th' unpeopled rivulet, and gladly hears
The huntſman's early call, and ſees with joy
The jovial crew, that march upon its banks
In gay parade, with bearded lances arm'd.

This ſubtle ſpoiler of the beaver kind,
Far off perhaps, where ancient alders ſhade
The deep ſtill pool, within ſome hollow trunk
Contrives his wicker couch; whence he ſurveys
His long purlieu, lord of the ſtream, and all
The finny ſhoals his own. But you, brave youths,
Diſpute the felon's claim; try ev'ry root,

And

And ev'ry reedy bank; encourage all
The buſy-ſpreading pack, that fearleſs plunge
Into the flood, and croſs the rapid ſtream.
Bid rocks, and caves, and each reſounding ſhore,
Proclaim your bold defiance; loudly raiſe
Each chearing voice, till diſtant hills repeat
The triumphs of the vale. On the ſoft ſand
See there his ſeal impreſs'd! and on that bank
Behold the glitt'ring ſpoils, half-eaten fiſh,
Scales, fins, and bones, the leavings of his feaſt.
Ah! on that yielding ſag-bed, ſee, once more
His ſeal I view. O'er yon dank ruſhy marſh
The ſly gooſe-footed prowler bends his courſe,
And ſeeks the diſtant ſhallows. Huntſman, bring
Thy eager pack, and trail him to his couch.
Hark! the loud peal begins, the clam'rous joy,
The gallant chiding, loads the trembling air.
Ye Naiads fair, who o'er theſe floods preſide,
Raiſe up your dripping heads above the wave,
And hear our melody. Th' harmonious notes
Float with the ſtream; and ev'ry winding creek
And hollow rock, that o'er the dimpling flood
Nods pendant, ſtill improve from ſhore to ſhore
Our ſweet reiterated joys. What ſhouts!
What clamour loud! What gay, heart-chearing ſounds
Urge thro' the breathing braſs their mazy way!
Not choirs of Tritons glad with ſprightlier ſtrains
The dancing billows, when proud Neptune rides
In triumph o'er the deep. How greedily

They

They ſnuff the fiſhy ſteam, that to each blade
Rank-ſcenting clings! See! how the morning dews
They ſweep, that from their feet beſprinkling drop
Diſpers'd, and leave a track oblique behind.
Now on firm land they range; then in the flood
They plunge tumultuous; or thro' reedy pools
Ruſtling they work their way: no holt eſcapes
Their curious ſearch. With quick ſenſation now
The fuming vapour ſtings; flutter their hearts,
And joy redoubled burſts from ev'ry mouth,
In louder ſymphonies. Yon hollow trunk,
That, with its hoary head incurv'd, ſalutes
The paſſing wave, muſt be the tyrant's fort,
And dread abode. How theſe impatient climb,
While others at the root inceſſant bay:
They put him down. See, there he dives along!
Th' aſcending bubbles mark his gloomy way.
Quick fix the nets, and cut off his retreat
Into the ſhelt'ring deeps. Ah, there he vents!
The pack plunge headlong, and protended ſpears
Menace deſtruction; while the troubled ſurge
Indignant foams, and all the ſcaly kind
Affrighted hide their heads. Wild tumult reigns,
And loud uproar. Ah, there once more he vents!
See, that bold hound has ſeiz'd him; down they ſink,
Together loſt: but ſoon ſhall he repent
His raſh aſſault. See, there eſcap'd he flies,
Half drown'd, and clambers up the ſlipp'ry bank
With ouze and blood diſtain'd. Of all the brutes,
Whether

Whether by nature form'd, or by long uſe,
This artful diver beſt can bear the want
Of vital air. Unequal is the fight
Beneath the whelming element. Yet there
He lives not long; but reſpiration needs
At proper intervals. Again he vents;
Again the crowd attack. That ſpear has pierc'd
His neck; the crimſon waves confeſs the wound.
Fix'd is the bearded lance, unwelcome gueſt
Where-e'er he flies; with him it ſinks beneath,
With him it mounts; ſure guide to ev'ry foe.
Inly he groans, nor can his tender wound
Bear the cold ſtream. Lo! to yon ſedgy bank
He creeps diſconſolate; his num'rous foes
Surround him, hounds, and men. Pierc'd thro' and thro',
On pointed ſpears they lift him high in air;
Wriggling he hangs, and grins, and bites in vain:
Bid the loud horns, in gaily-warbling ſtrains,
Proclaim the felon's fate; he dies, he dies.

Rejoice, ye ſcaly tribes, and leaping dance
Above the wave, in ſign of liberty
Reſtor'd; the cruel tyrant is no more.
Rejoyce ſecure and bleſs'd; did not as yet
Remain ſome of your own rapacious kind;
And man, fierce man, with all his various wiles.

O happy! if ye knew your happy ſtate,
Ye rangers of the fields; whom nature boon
Chears with her ſmiles, and ev'ry element
Conſpires to bleſs. What, if no heroes frown

From

From marble pedeſtals, nor Raphael's works,
Nor Titian's lively tints, adorn our walls?
Yet theſe the meaneſt of us may behold,
And, at another's coſt, may feaſt at will
Our wond'ring eyes; what can the owner more?
But vain, alas! is wealth, not grac'd with pow'r.
The flow'ry landſkip, and the gilded dome,
And viſtas op'ning to the wearied eye,
Thro' all his wide domain; the planted grove,
The ſhrubby wilderneſs, with its gay choir
Of warbling birds, can't lull to ſoft repoſe
Th' ambitious wretch, whoſe diſcontented ſoul
Is harrow'd day and night; he mourns, he pines,
Until his prince's favour makes him great.
See there he comes, th' exalted idol comes!
The circle's form'd, and all his fawning ſlaves
Devoutly bow to earth; from ev'ry mouth
The nauſeous flatt'ry flows, which he returns
With promiſes, that die as ſoon as born.
Vile intercourſe! where virtue has no place.
Frown but the Monarch, all his glories fade;
He mingles with the throng, outcaſt, undone,
The pageant of a day; without one friend
To ſooth his tortur'd mind; all, all are fled:
For tho' they baſk'd in his meridian ray,
The inſects vaniſh as his beams decline.

Not ſuch our friends; for here no dark deſign,
No wicked int'reſt bribes the venal heart;
But inclination to our boſoms leads,

And

And weds them there for life; our ſocial cups
Smile, as we ſmile; open, and unreſerv'd,
We ſpeak our inmoſt ſouls; good humour, mirth,
Soft complaiſance, and wit from malice free,
Smooth ev'ry brow, and glow on ev'ry cheek.
O happineſs ſincere! what wretch wou'd groan
Beneath the galling load of pow'r, or walk
Upon the ſlipp'ry pavements of the great,
Who thus cou'd reign, unenvied and ſecure?
Ye guardian pow'rs who make mankind your care,
Give me to know wiſe nature's hidden depths,
Trace each myſterious cauſe, with judgment read
Th' expanded volume, and ſubmiſs adore
That great creative will, who at a word
Spoke forth the wond'rous ſcene. But if my ſoul,
To this groſs clay confin'd, flutters on earth
With leſs ambitious wing; unſkill'd to range
From orb to orb, where Newton leads the way;
And view with piercing eyes the grand machine,
Worlds above worlds; ſubſervient to his voice,
Who, veil'd in clouded majeſty, alone
Gives light to all; bids the great ſyſtem move,
And changeful ſeaſons in their turns advance,
Unmov'd, unchang'd, himſelf: yet this at leaſt
Grant me propitious, an inglorious life,
Calm and ſerene, nor loſt in falſe purſuits
Of wealth or honours; but enough to raiſe
My drooping friends, preventing modeſt want,
That dares not aſk. And if, to crown my joys,

Ye grant me health, that, ruddy in my cheeks,
Blooms in my life's decline; fields, woods, and ſtreams,
Each tow'ring hill, each humble vale below,
Shall hear my chearing voice, my hounds ſhall wake
The lazy morn, and glad th' horizon round.

METHOD

METHOD *of deſtroying* HARES *by the* HARE-PIPE.

THE following extract from Mr. Chandler's Travels in Greece, at the ſame time that it ſhews that the country of Xenophon is ſtill famous for Hare-hunting, and that the modern Athenians have not degenerated from their illuſtrious anceſtors, at leaſt in their love for that diverſion, deſcribes a mode of killing hares formerly practiſed by poachers in this kingdom, which will explain the meaning of hare-pipes; a device mentioned in old law books and deputations to game-keepers. Though Chandler doth not explain it to be an imitation of the call between male and female in breeding ſeaſon, yet his narrative clearly aſcertains it, by ſtating the particular month in which it is practiſed, and that one killed by his company was big with young.

" Hares are exceedingly numerous. Calling is practiſed, in ſtill weather, from the latter end of May to about the middle of Auguſt. Three

Three or four men in a company ſtand ſilent and concealed in a thicket, with guns pointed in different directions. When all are ready, the caller applies two of his fingers to his lips, and ſucking them, at firſt ſlowly, and then faſter, produces a ſqueaking ſound; when the hares, within hearing, ruſh to the ſpot. In this manner many are ſlaughtered in a day. One of my companions, with Lombardi, a Turk and Greek or two, who were adepts, killed eleven, among which was a female big with young. Theſe animals are ſaid to aſſemble together, to leap and play, at the full of the moon; and, it is likely, the ſhepherds, who live much abroad, obſerving and liſtening to them, learned to imitate their voices, to deceive, and make them thus fooliſhly abet their own deſtruction."

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